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THE GREAT SECRET OF CHRISTIANITY REVEALED.

Apollonius of Tyana, the Jesus of Nazareth, St. Paul, and John the Revelator, of the Christian Scriptures, Returns to Earth as a Spirit, and Explains the Mysteries that have Concealed the Theological Fraud and Deception of the Christian Hierarchy.

On the afternoon of May 25th, M. S. 34, (1881), at about five o'clock, P. M., we, the editor of MIND AND MATTER, called upon Mr. Alfred James at his residence, 1119 Watkins Street, Philadelphia, expecting to receive a series of communications from various spirits ancient and modern. We had been told, at the close of our previous sitting with the medium, that two female spirits who had long been awaiting an opportunity to speak, would be first allowed to do so at the next sitting. We went there fully expecting that these spirits would be the first to take control and communicate, and accordingly said to the Indian guide, Wild Cat, that the ladies had the floor for that occasion. What was our surprise when he said, "Brave Roberts, they cannot have it. There is a spirit here who has come to use the whole power of control, and no other spirit will be able for this time to communicate with you. The spirit is Apollonius of Tyana." For two years previously, we had been receiving communications from ancient and historical spirits, all pointing to the fact that Apollonius of Tyana was the prototype of Jesus of Nazareth and St. Paul, of the Christian scriptures, and often and often had we wondered why the spirit of Apollonius did not himself return and make short work of the mystery, which he could at once explain. When, one week before, we received the astounding communication that we published last week, given by the spirit of Ulphilas, the bishop of the Goths, we felt we were approaching, how nearly we could not imagine, the final explanation of the strange and unprecedented spirit disclosures which had been coming through the lips of Mr. James. As "Wild Cat" uttered the name of Apollonius of Tyana, we felt a thrill of astonishment and delight of the greatest intensity, and the very air of the humble apartment in which we sat, seemed filled with a mighty spiritual power. A minute after, the medium was controlled, and we were greeted, for the first time, by the grandest medium, perhaps, that ever trod the earth, the Cappadocian sage and philosopher—the greatest teacher and benefactor that ever drew to himself the love, admiration and religious reverence of the civilized world—Apollonius, the spirit anointed Christ of the Orient. His communication was as follows:

"Let our salutation be, the survival of truth and its conquest of superstition. I was born, according to the Christian calendar, on the 16th day of February, A. D. 2, of wealthy parents; was educated, until my 20th year, in general philosophy and literature, when I served for six years under Euxenes, of Heracleia, learning the Pythagorean philosophy. After acquiring all I could learn from the teachings of that philosopher, I went to Antioch, and from there to Jerusalem. On account of some wonderful physical manifestations of spirit power taking place through my then young mediumship, which persons living in Jerusalem had heard of, my entrance to that city was hailed, as it has been alleged, the entrance of Jesus of Nazareth was hailed, with hosannas and songs of praise to one who came in the name of the Lord. And now, mark particularly what I say; this took place when I was thirty-three years of age. I want you to pay the closest attention to what I shall here set forth. You will, by examining Josephus's work, *War of the Jews*, see, that concerning the siege of Jerusalem a certain prophecy was given, or words were spoken, as is alleged, by Jesus of Nazareth, which were fulfilled. You will find what I refer to, in Matthew, 23d chapter and 35th verse, where the so-called Jesus is made to have asserted that that generation were guilty of all the blood that had been shed from that of Abel to Zacharias, the son of Baroch, slain between the temple and the altar exactly thirty-four years after the alleged death of Jesus. And you will find this prophecy then fulfilled, while Jesus is made to have said that it was fulfilled in his time; and here you have an example of the unauthenticity of the Christian Gospels. All this I learned at the very time at which Flavius Josephus wrote the history of the War of the Jews, for I was employed and used by the Emperor Vespasian as his oracle, when in the same state as this medium is, who now sits before you.

Never, during my mortal life, did I desire to be worshiped after death—never did I, as a mortal man, teach such a doctrine. But I was deified after my death. Nine epistles were made a present to me by Phraotes of Taxilla, India, or rather between Babylon and India, who was a satrap, in those days. Those epistles contained all that is embraced in the present epistles claimed to have been written by St. Paul. And from what I have learned, as a spirit, I conclude that I am both the Jesus and St. Paul of the Christian scriptures. Flattering enough to my vanity, but the ruin of my happiness. It is my duty, here, to confess all I can bring to recollection, in order that spiritual darkness may disperse and the light of truth shine in.

There is one thing that I desire particularly to speak of, and that is the ultimate of spirit power

on earth. All materialists claim that it is impossible to restore that which is dead to life. Upon this point, upon my own knowledge, I assert that if you have developed your mortal body to that extent, not into what is called moral purity, but into a holy, trusting love, with a heart that beats for humanity, if such a person can come in contact with a fresh, young body from which the spirit has been driven out before it could accomplish its mission, take that body by the hand, and with mighty will arrest that spirit, he can force it back to the body it once inhabited and make it fulfil its mission. Three things are necessary to do this—first, a perfectly healthy organism. That does not imply a strong, powerful one—it means an organism in which the spirit is greater than the body—the excess of spirit producing this result. [Here the controlling spirit caused the form of the medium to rise, and extending his arms at full length to the right and left, said:] "The spirit addressing you is not confined to the limits of the form you see before you. It not only fills the physical organism you see, but extends far around it as well. In the time when I lived in the mortal form the old was dying out and the new being born. By this I mean that superstition, gods and all such ideas were on the wane, and man was seeking, as he is to-day, for something more practical and beneficial."

It was not through any qualities that I possessed different from, or superior to, those of any other man, that I accomplished what I did, but through the spiritual power within and with me. This fact I want to have especially marked. The highest sensitive mortals living in any age or generation, and who are living the nearest in accord with nature's divine law of truth, will bring forth a child who may be the so-called Saviour of that generation. Those men and women who utter the highest and most beneficial truths to their fellow-mortals are the Saviours of their time.

Further, I have this to say, I retired voluntarily, for I was neither ostracised nor banished for anything I had done or said or written, to the same island to which, as is alleged, the St. John of Revelations went, in the years 60 and 70 A. D. I there wrote what occurred through me in a trance state, not knowing what I wrote, an almost identical story with that attributed to the so-called St. John the Revelator. That story was nothing more than an attempt of the spirit world to give the truth of the spirit life, through a mortal organism, in a day and generation that was not ripe to receive it. That is, the medium chosen for the expression of the teachings of spirits was too much imbued with the mysticism of Judea and neighboring countries to be well suited for that purpose.

What is known to you moderns as the anti-Nicene Library, contained documents, some of which are still extant, that fully warrant you in challenging the translators of to-day as to the correctness of their production. Let them examine, if they dare, the manuscripts referred to and they will find what is now being published erroneous in many particulars. They have followed too much what their ancestors translated, without having translated for themselves.

Now and here, I declare that the Christian Gospels were all preached by me—preached at Jerusalem—preached at Ephesus—preached at Athens—preached at Phillipi—preached at Rome—preached at Antioch—preached at Alexandria—preached at Babylon. In all those countries I preached, and by manipulations, and certain qualities developed in me, I healed the sick, restored the sight of the blind, and, in the way herein set forth, even raised the dead. I will try to make this raising of the dead plainer. If a child, a youth, or a maiden, whose body is fresh, full of vigor and perfection, and whose spirit has become detached from it, in that case I hold that one whose power is great and whose will is indomitable, while that body is yet warm, can cause the spirit to return and continue to inhabit that organism. In this way I know the dead can be restored to life. When I lived on earth all the philosophers who taught men to expect redemption, according to more ancient authorities, taught that such redemption was to happen at that time. From what I have been able to learn as a spirit, I was the person who was designed by spirits to fulfill that mission. I claim no pre-eminence over any one. I only say that my mortal body contained more spirit than the average of men, or even the most highly developed among them, at the time I existed in mortal flesh.

My history, as it has come down to you moderns, written by one Damis, and by others afterwards, in regard to the main incidents of my life, is correct, but in regard to the glamour, romance and mystery of the narrative, it has no relation to me whatever. The latter was the work of my disciples and followers after my death, and was promulgated by them.

One thing more and I am through with my communication. It is this. Almost every picture that in modern times, is recognized as the likeness of Jesus, is the identical portrait of Apollonius of Tyana, painted in the reign of Vespasian. That emperor consulted me, I was the oracle in his camp. I was the means of saving the life of Flavius Josephus. [We here asked him how it came that Josephus had made no mention of that fact in his "Jewish War." He replied:] "The Jewish hierarchy of that day had a horror and dislike of even their best friends who were not of their faith, and Josephus being a Pharisee of the straightest sect was even more than usually prejudiced against a Gentile like myself. By this I do not mean that the Pharisees were bad people, but that they were

so devoted to their religion as to be bitterly bigoted and prejudiced against those who differed from them.

It is my opinion, from all I can learn as a spirit, that all the Christian Gospels are borrowed from, and in fact that their origin was, the books that I brought from India, obtained in part from Phraotes, who was King of Taxilla. I think those books were used by the Platonists, Eclectics and Gnostics of Alexandria, about one hundred and fifty years after. I died in the year A. D. 99, at Ephesus, and was 97 or 98 years of age, although some have enlarged the period of my earthly life to 150 years. The originals of the four gospels I obtained through one Hiram Ermandi, of Taxilla, who took me forward into Farther India. They were written in characters not unlike those used by the Chinese, on thin, tough paper. They treated of the four stages of the life of Buddha. The first to his incarnation and birth, the second to his childhood and youth, the third to his mature life, and the fourth to his old age and death. These books I obtained at Singapore, at the extreme point of India, on the strait between India and Sumatra. [We here mentioned to him the fact that one week before we had received a communication from a spirit purporting to be Ulphilas, the Christian bishop of the Goths, who said he had translated from Samaritan manuscripts the epistles and gospels to which he, Apollonius, had referred into the Gothic tongue; and that the manuscript that he translated were the writings of himself, after the originals he obtained at Singapore, India. To which he replied:] "One Hegesippus made copies from my translations and modified versions of the originals in the Samaritan tongue and Ulphilas copied from the manuscript of Hegesippus. I wrote in the Hebrew-Samaritan tongue, which was the language of my country."

[Here the control of the medium became wholly exhausted. Bidding us a hasty and most benign adieu, he left the medium more exhausted than we had ever seen him at any previous sitting. No other control of the medium was possible, and thus ended a spirit interview, which, unless truth has ceased to be the greatest boon vouchsafed to man; is destined to mark an era in human progress never transcended, if ever equalled, in importance and interest to all classes of the human race. We have many reasons for insisting on the genuineness and truthfulness of that communication which we deeply regret we cannot give in detail and at length at this time. We shall however set forth all our reasons for our opinion, in the work, that we propose preparing for publication at the earliest practicable moment. For the present we will again publish such facts, as are conceded by ample authority, to be historically established concerning Apollonius. There is much that it would be desirable to add as the result of our own researches, but we will confine ourselves mainly to the current history of his life and labors. As the best condensed sketch of the life of Apollonius that we have been able to find, we have chosen that of the "Penny Cyclopaedia," London, 1834.

"Apollonius of Tyana was born at the commencement of the Christian era, in Tyana, a town of Cappadocia. At the age of fourteen, his father, Apollonius, sent him to Tarsus, to study grammar and rhetoric under Euthydemus, a Phoenician. Dissatisfied with the luxury and indolence of the citizens, Apollonius obtained his father's permission to retire with his master to Asia (Ayas), a town near Tarsus, where he became acquainted with the doctrines of the various philosophers. His master Euxenes of Heraclea in Pontus, was little disposed to practice the austereities of the Pythagorean and neo-Platonic sects, the doctrines of which he professed. Apollonius observed the Pythagorean rules more strictly, took up his abode in the temple of Esculapius at Asia, famous for miraculous cures; abstaining from animal food, wine and women—lived upon fruits and herbs, avoided in his dress every article made of animal substance—went barefoot and with uncovered head—and let his hair and beard grow. The priests initiated him in their mysteries, and said that Esculapius himself rejoiced at having Apollonius a witness of his cures. Apollonius recommended his moral and ascetic doctrines, by example and by an appeal to the heathen Gods. He healed a young Assyrian afflicted by a disease caused by intemperance, by teaching him that the gods were willing to give health to all who were willing to receive this gift. Having finished his studies at Asia, and other cities of Cilicia and Pamphyllia, Apollonius travelled by land to India. At Nineveh he met with Damis who became his interpreter and travelling companion. On a rock of Mount Caucasus he saw the chains of Prometheus, King Bardanes, his priest and magi, honored him at Babylon. In Taxila, a town of India, he met with King Phraotes, a descendant of Porus. Phraotes recommended him to Iarchus the president of the gymnosophists of India, who revealed to him all their secrets, convinced him that Pythagoras had borrowed his wisdom from them, and compelled him to recognize their superiority in the performance of miracles. Apollonius returned from India by sea, was much admired in the towns of Asia Minor, conversed at the grave of Achilles with the ghost of that hero, enchanted the demons, and uttered prophecies. He threatened the Ephesians with pestilence unless they would mend their moral lives. They were converted, but nevertheless the plague broke out among them. The Ephesians sent messengers to Apollonius, then at Smyrna, requesting him to drive away the plague. Apollonius was in a moment at Ephesus, conversed with the people in a theatre, commanded them to stone a beggar, and

ordered them to remove the stones the next day, when, instead of the beggar, a large dog was found into which the demon of the plague had entered, the ravages of which had now ceased. The Greek priests at Athens, in the Peloponnesus, the oracles of Paphos, Pergamus, and Colophon, heaped their marks of honor upon Apollonius. He afterwards went to Crete, and finally arrived in the reign of Nero, at Rome, where he and his followers being questioned by the magistrates concerning the object of their journey, overcame their mistrust by restoring to life the dead body of a noble lady, predicting an eclipse of the Sun, and that there should happen and not happen a great event, which prediction was considered to be fulfilled, when, three days after, the cup which Nero had in his hand was struck by lightning. When Nero left Rome for Greece, he ordered all foreign philosophers to quit the city. Apollonius went to Spain, and stirred up a rebellion against Nero and the Romans. He then visited Africa, the South of Italy and Sicily, where he heard of the death of Nero. Apollonius again visited Athens, and was initiated by the hierophant of Eleusis into the mysteries of that place. He next visited Egypt and Ethiopia, and sought for the sources of the Nile. In Egypt he joined Vespaean who probably found it politic to gain a man whose sanctity and miracles had raised him to the rank of a deity; for during his lifetime, and still more after his death, Apollonius enjoyed this distinction, and was sometimes ranked with Jesus Christ. Afterwards he revisited Asia Minor and Rome, where he was accused by Euphrates of high treason against Domitian, and cast into prison. Having blamed the emperor for suffering such informers, he removed to Puteoli, where he met his followers, Damis and Demetrius. He again visited Sicily, Greece, and Asia Minor, performed miracles, and had many adventures, until he died, eighty, or ninety, or one hundred, or one hundred and seventeen years old, either at Ephesus, or at Lindus in the temple of Pallas. Others say that he was chained and shut up in the Temple of Dictynna in Crete, to be eaten by dogs. Philostratus wrote the (Greek original) by order, and from the information of Julia, wife of Septimus Severus, who died A. D. 217. The empress had obtained possession of the account which Damis had formerly given to a relative.

"It is almost needless to remark that the life of Apollonius is a heap of absurdities and impossibilities. Apollonius was probably a cunning imposter, and one of the pretenders to miracles, not uncommon in that age; his biographer, Philostratus, must have been rather credulous, if he believed one half of what he wrote about his hero. The fact of Apollonius being mentioned by no writer earlier than Apuleius and Lucian, tends to show that his celebrity during his lifetime was not so great as his biographer would have us believe. Philostratus himself wrote his account of Apollonius about a century after the wise man's death. Some extant letters, attributed to Apollonius, are printed in the collection of Alpis and Cuiccius, and a few appear in the life by Philostratus. A remarkable passage in the *Life of Apollonius*, by Vopiscus, shows that the fame of Apollonius was even then firmly established, and that temples and statues still existed in honor of this "true friend of the gods," as the credulous historian calls him. It appears, from Suidas and Eudocia, that a person called Soterichus Oasites also wrote a life of Apollonius."

"Such is an outline of the career of one of the most remarkable men that ever appeared on the earth. It was the spirit of this man that influenced the communication above given. We say this without fear of successful contradiction. It is decidedly too late for any person to deny the existence of Apollonius of Tyana, although the Christian priesthood and clergy have done all they could to obliterate every trace of authentic history regarding him. It must never be forgotten that from the third century of the so-called Christian era up to the sixteenth century, when the so-called Reformation began, the whole learning of the world was monopolized by the Christian hierarchy. The literary treasures of India, Assyria, Persia, Asia Minor, Judea, Arabia, Egypt, Greece and Rome were in the keeping and at the mercy of these scheming enemies of truth and humanity. To secure a monopoly of spiritual and temporal power, they conceived the project of instituting a new order of things, which would secure to themselves and their successors the absolute control of human affairs throughout the world, for all coming time. To do this it was necessary for them to begin their work where all preceding leaders and teachers of mankind had left off, and, by destroying all traces of the connection of their scheme of aggrandizement with the religious, philosophical, scientific and political systems that had preceded them, thus successfully maintained the claim that what they sought to establish was new and different from everything that had been taught in former ages. A more wicked and pernicious scheme of obtaining and securing power was never conceived. Having found it convenient to avail themselves of the glorious career of Apollonius of Tyana, the Cappadocian Saviour, or deified man, it became of prime importance to conceal that dreaded fact, and only at this late day have the spirits of light been enabled to disclose the magnitude of the crime which the concealment of this great fact involves.

But for Julia Domna, the wife of Septimus Severus, mankind would never have known the terrible wrongs that had been done to them by the fraud and deception of the Christian priesthood,

those most impious and blasphemous usurpers of the domain of divine Truth. It so happened that the manuscript narrative of Damis, the Ninevite—the friend and disciple of Appollonius—concerning the life and labors of his renowned and venerated master, fell into the hands of the Empress Julia, who placed it in the hands of Philostratus, a Greek rhetorician, then at the Roman Court, to be rewritten in the Greek tongue. It is mainly from "The Life of Appollonius of Tyana," translated from the Greek of Philostratus, by the Rev. Edward Berwick, Vicar of Lixlebridge, in Ireland, London, 1809," that we are indebted for the facts to which we shall refer. That Julia should have placed the manuscript of Damis in the hands of a Greek rather than a Roman rhetorician, for translation, is not a little significant. As we are not told in what language the narrative of Damis was written, and as it was rewritten into Greek rather than into Latin—the language of the Roman Court—it is not irrational to infer that there was no Latin rhetorician who could read and properly digest the materials embraced in the narrative in question. Most probably it was written in the native language of its author. This seems all the more probable, since Philostratus says of Damis and his narrative:

"There was one Damis, a man not unskilled in philosophy, a native of ancient Nineveh. He was much conversant with Appollonius, and attended him in his travels, and wrote down his sentiments and sayings and divinations. A friend of Damis brought his memoirs, *hitherto unknown*, to the Empress Julia. She was herself a friend to literature, and as I was in the family, she commanded me to digest these materials into proper order."

That the memoirs of Damis had not been previously known seems to have been owing to one of two facts. First, they had been left in the possession of one of his friends, who had taken no step to make them public; or, second, they were written in a language not commonly understood by Greek and Latin scholars. The marvel is, that the Biography of Appollonius, by Philostratus, should have been allowed, by the Roman Catholic priesthood, to come down to us, and that it was not consigned by them to oblivion with the biographies of Appollonius written by Maximus of Agis, Macrigenes, and Soterius. It was not to be, however, and this oversight has left to mankind the key with which to unlock the chamber in which has been hidden the great secret of the Christian hierarchy.

From the time of the death and deification of Appollonius, his precepts and teachings were held in the highest esteem by the learned classes of every civilized nation then existing, and it was not until the middle or latter part of the second century of the so-called Christian era, that the project was conceived of appropriating his labors to priestly interests. From the first inception of the attempt to carry out that project, the followers of Appollonius resisted it with the most spirited determination. This is admitted by the learned Lardner, when, in speaking of an anonymous anti-Christian writer at the time of Diocletian's persecutions, he says:

"This writer is anonymous, nor do we know that he is mentioned by any one beside Lactantius in this place. Some have imagined he is the same as Porphyry, but altogether without reason. Porphyry is older and his character very different from that of the person here described. Porphyry was a man of virtue, and his work against the Christians, so far from being contemptible, was perhaps the most formidable of all the articles written against them by any of their ancient heathen adversaries. And we may therefore infer that many books were written against Christianity, in the first ages of which we know nothing. They have been buried in oblivion, but they may have given the Christians a good deal of trouble at the time when they were published."

Yea, Dr. Lardner, you inferred rightly, as we will prove beyond all question before we are through. Those anti-Christian writers of the first ages of the Christian fraud, were the only truly honest and learned writers of their time, and wrote of things they knew and things they could prove by ample evidence. Why have none of their writings come down to us? Why have they been "buried in oblivion"? Who buried them there? Why were they buried there? Let the Christian hierarchy answer if they can or dare. Where would Christianity have been and where would it be now if those writings of the antagonists of Christianity in its earlier ages were now extant? We answer, just where it will soon be in the light of the spirit testimony that is now coming from the spirits those ancient writers, as well as from the spirits of the priestly founders and projectors of Christianity, who find themselves compelled to come back and confess the fraud, falsehood and deception which it was their life-work as mortals to enact.

About the beginning of the fourth century, when the Roman Emperor, Diocletian, had issued an edict of proscriptions against the Christians, one Hierocles, a very learned and benevolent man, sought to save the Christians from the fury of the emperor, by persuading them of the folly of their religious fanaticism. Of him and his writings Lactantius said:

(To be continued.)

endorsement of Dr. A. B. Dobson.
Ottumwa, Iowa, May 10th, 1881.
Editor of Mind and Matter:

Dr. A. B. Dobson, the remarkable medium for independent slate writing and other spirit demonstration, has been here again, and held several seances. The Buswell article lays on my table, but he showed me that the article is untrue. I had a daylight sitting with him, and one of the texts that was given was truly astonishing. A slate was wiped clean and placed on top of the table; my hand and the medium's were held on top of the table. Soon the sound of the pencil was heard to write, and on turning the slate, a communication filling nearly the underside of the slate, was seen, purporting to come from my father; name signed in full. While the writing was going on, my knees were fondled by many hands. I look upon Dr. Dobson as one of the most remarkable mediums on earth. He is a gentleman in his bearing, and I know he is honest beyond a doubt; and all seekers after truth, should see Dr. Dobson and be convinced.

Our readers will remember that the spirit of Hierocles himself communicated some time since, and testified to the injustice and falsehood of the statements of Lactantius and Eusebius, concerning him and his work. All that these Christian slanders have permitted us to know concerning Hierocles and his work is contained in the following paragraphs, which we copy from Dr. Lardner's great work:

"Against his (Hierocles') work Eusebius of Cesarea wrote an answer, still extant, of which I shall now give an account, by which it shall appear that Lactantius and Eusebius speak of the same author and the same work.

"Eusebius, at the beginning, tells his friend, to whom he addresseth himself, that Hierocles had made a comparison of our Saviour and Master

Alfred James
Is prepared to answer calls to lecture under spirit control, on subjects chosen by the audience or answer questions, or spirits will choose their own subjects at the option of the society, at any point within one hundred miles of Philadelphia. For full particulars and terms address,

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No. 1119 Watkins St., Philadelphia, Pa.



CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE CHILDREN'S TALLY-HO!

BY S. W. HALLOCK.

Without were the wind and the whirling snow,
Within were the lovelight and fireside glow,
And a realm of fancy far, far away
From the storm and the cold of that bleak winter day.

For the land was green and the skies were fair;
Where the children ride in the old arm chair;
Jasper for driver, and Bassie and Kate,
And Arthur behind for footman, in state.

Away they went with their airy steed,
Through summer shine, o'er flowered mead,
No road nor highway before them lay;
Through a world of their own they rode that day.

Ah me! who can tell in the years to be
What journeys over the land or sea,
With pride or profit or joy replete,
May await the tread of those childlike feet?

But whithersoever their wanderings lead,
No deeper contentment or zest can exceed
That which filled their young hearts, as they galloped
away,

In grandfather's chair on that bleak winter day!

How Bo-Peep's Sheep Were Found.

BY GEO. J. VARNEY.

"It's drifted even full between the top of the house and the bank, and the sheep haven't come!" shouted Johnny, as he looked into the house, after breaking a path to the barn.

"Sheep's in big snow-drift, I dess," wisely asserted little Jamie.

"I'm afraid they have run off and got lost, so we'll never see 'em again," mourned Bo-peep.

"May be they have found a sheltered place in the bushes somewhere," replied Johnny.

"Not much shelter out-of-doors from such a storm as this has been," said the mother, softly, as she cast an anxious glance out upon the snow-covered world.

The loss of their sheep, or even of three or four lambs, would be a serious matter to this fatherless family; for the sale of the lambs and wool, and of the butter and eggs from one cow and a score of hens, was all they had to live upon, excepting what Johnny and Bo-peep earned picking blue-berries on the plains, in summer, and cranberries on the meadow, for a neighbor, in the autumn. They had a few acres of land, from which Johnny usually raised vegetables enough for the family, and cut hay sufficient for the cow and sheep. But the flock had increased, and this season the hay was falling short.

Only late in the day, before the storm, the sheep had been let out to nibble the coarse, green herbage that appeared in numerous patches, where the snow had melted away between the pines on the neighboring plains. It was usually Bo-peep's business to watch them, and so it was on this occasion. But a little before dark she came running into the house, very much out of breath, exclaiming:

"Mother, the sheep are just as ugly as they can be! They wouldn't follow me, and when I tried to drive them home, they ran back, every way, and I couldn't get them home, at all,—not one of 'em."

"Don't worry yourself, dear," said her mother; "sit down in the rocking-chair and rest. Johnny will go after them as soon as he comes."

Johnny did go after them, but as we have already learned—without success; and so the sheep were out in the greatest snow-storm of the season.

"All this comes because Bo-peep got vexed with the sheep, and left 'em," said Johnny.

"We hope that she will learn to be more patient," replied the mother, stroking Bo-peep's head.

"Hadn't you better run over to Mr. Brown's, Johnny, and see if the sheep didn't go in there?"

After shoveling a path to the well, and preparing more wood for the fire, Johnny went.

"No," said Mr. Brown, in reply to Johnny's question, "the sheep haven't been here, and I haven't seen or heard anything of 'em. When'd they go away?"

Johnny told him how they happened to be lost.

"Don't you worry about 'em. They're in the bushes somewhere. They'll trample the snow down around 'em, so as to get at the bushes. If 'twas only among birch and beech bushes, now, those sheep would get along well enough, but among those sapling pines I don't know. I hope that the wolves, they tell of down river, won't be prowlin' around this way. They're dreful crit'ur's to kill sheep."

Johnny started for home, feeling more hopeless and sad than when he had come. It was now certain that the sheep and young lambs were stuck in the snow somewhere on the woody plains. Johnny had intended to search the thickets on his way home, but when he left the ridge along which the road ran, the deep snow so clogged and bound him, that he made but little progress, and was at length forced to go home without the least token of the missing flock. "Bo-peep cried when she heard Johnny's report, and her mother could scarcely keep back the tears when she thought that if they should lose their flock, they could not make the payments due on their little home-stand.

The larger part of the next day was spent by Johnny in going from hill to hill, and in climbing trees, where he peered into every vista, and listened to every sound,—if, by good fortune, he might catch a glimpse of a fleece, or the faintest bleating of sheep or lamb. Several times he did hear bleats, but so snatched that he could not tell whence they proceeded, or so distant that he supposed they came from a neighbor's flock.

The day after the storm had been warm, and this was warmer still, melting the snow away in some spots; but toward night the wind changed, and the air grew very cool, and Johnny hastened home to do up the evening chores.

By day-break the next morning he was out-of-doors. He found, as he had expected, a crust upon the snow firm enough to bear him. Having milked the cow and fed the hens, he sat down with

his mother to their breakfast; then, after brief devotions, he sallied out upon the piny plains.

The poor birds, which had come in numbers during the warm days when the snow was off, were now chilled and nearly famished. Johnny could see them, now and then, searching about in the great trees and in the thickets for the least morsel of food. Several times he caught sight of rabbits hopping about the copse, or sitting with long ears erect, or large, wondering eyes, as if to inquire and hear, "why in the world the boy was staring about in these woods."

Now a fish-hawk sailed slowly over, high in air; and, yonder, a straggling flock of crows hurried toward some unseen point, for some unknown purpose.

Everything looked so cheerful when he started, that Johnny had confidently expected success; but, as noon drew nigh, the softening crust yielded more and more under his feet, and he grew weary and despondent. He had searched in an ever-widening circle about the spot where the sheep were last seen,—but not a track or token of them had yet been discovered.

Hungry and weary, he turned toward home, with a choking feeling in his throat, and sometimes with misty eyes.

Though he now broke through the crust at every step, the snow was rarely more than knee-deep; but there was a snowy gully to cross, in the bottom of which ran, usually, a small rivulet, now a deep stream. A fallen tree enabled him to cross this without a wetting. The top led him into a spur of the main gully,—deep, narrow and shaded by great pines. This had been drifts full of snow, which, owing to its shaded position, had thawed but little. Johnny threw himself flat upon the moss, and began to crawl along, thinking that thus he would not sink, as he must if he stood upon his feet.

Between him and the fringe of bushes some twenty feet distant, marking the edge of the bank, the snow had sunk away in a saucer-like cavity; and in the very centre of this appeared a small opening. Johnny feared there was a spring, or quagmire, underneath into which he might fall; he therefore turned to make a wide circuit of the spot.

Too late! He suddenly found the snow breaking away beneath him, and before he could throw himself upon a firmer part, or grasp a bough, he found that he was falling rapidly down, together with a great mass of snow. Confused and blinded, amid the snowy avalanche, for some moments he could not discern where he was. He was not in the water; but there was rapid movement of living creatures under the loose snow his fall had thrown over him. Lambs bleated in affright, and Johnny perceived that he had tumbled into the midst of a flock of sheep.

They had come into this shady hollow for shelter from the storm, and been buried under the drifting snow. The warmth of their bodies had soon thawed away a cavity, the snow had settled, and a large breathing-hole had formed above them.

So here were the lost sheep and lambs, all huddled together in the gully, snug and warm. The snow had melted from the mossy and porous soil, and the shrubs and herbage were all gnawed close. The sheep might still be hungry, but they were not starving.

Pretty soon all had shaken themselves out from the fallen snow, so that each one could be plainly seen. Johnny counted them; none were missing, except one weakly lamb. How to get them out, now, was the question. He trod steps for himself up the bank of snow, but the sheep would not follow; so he went home, rather late for dinner, but with a heart so merry that it was as good as a feast.

After dinner he repaired again to the gully, carrying a dish of salt, agreeable to flocks after green forage. He gave each of the sheep a taste, then put a little on each step, and the ewes all followed him up, and the lambs after them,—only he had to bring two or three. One, the weakest, he carried all the way home. So they went home in regular procession; first Johnny with the salt-dish in his hand and a lamb in his arms; then two ewes and a lamb; then a ewe and two lambs.

It was a pleasant sight to this humble family, who certainly ate their bread and milk that night with gladness of heart.—*St. Nicholas.*

Tests Given Through Mr. J. William Fletcher's Mediumship, at Academy Hall on Sunday Evening, May 29th.

After delivering a most brilliant oration upon the "Mission of Joan of Arc," Mr. Fletcher gave the following tests:

I see before me a lady, somewhat advanced in years; she says her name is Mary Hammond, and she comes to her daughter, Louisa Albright; and she gives the following message: "My dear child, from the spirit land I watch over you and seek to help you. I am well aware of what you are forced to bear, but it is not for always; when the time comes for you to act, you must not hesitate, and I will sustain you. Your father is with you and says God bless our child. Recognized."

I see a little child, about thirteen years old. She comes dancing along so happily. I now feel fever as if very ill. The scene changes and the child says: "I am Annie, Annie Beach, and that is my papa. I bring him my love, and mama, too." A gentleman here rose and said his little girl, Annie Beach, died in February, of fever, and that he had never seen Mr. Fletcher before.

A gentleman comes before me. His name is Hector—General Hector Tyndale, and he comes to his brother Artold—(a message given). Recognized.

A young lady—"Mary Lovelet," she says her name is—comes before me. She brings a spirit who has just come to spirit-life, and says you must do something at once, for she (the new born spirit) is bound to the earth. She is awake to the spirit life, yet not free to enter into its enjoyment. Recognized in every particular.

Carrie—Carrie Gould—brings a message of love to her mother, saying, "Hope, dear one; better days are coming." Recognized.

A gentleman comes here; I see him first in the earth-life; he went away and never came back. His family have mourned his loss, and are not aware that he has been born to spirit-life. He has, however, and returns to comfort his wife, who many times has prayed that death might come to her. "My name is John Albertson." Recognized.

This closed the exercises. Mr. Fletcher's audiences in Philadelphia have been only limited by the size of the hall, and his return will be watched for by his many friends.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

ALFRED JAMES, MEDIUM.

MOSCHUS OF SIDON (A Philosopher).

I SALUTE YOU, SIR.—It has been so long since I lived on earth, that it is with the utmost difficulty that I manage to hold control of another's organism. No one who has not been in spirit life can have any idea of the power and intensity of the will-force that it requires for me, as a spirit, to give expression to clear and connected ideas, after the lapse of 3,000 years. But I have a duty to perform, and it must be accomplished. Away back in those past ages there was a time when philosophy and science were almost as much advanced as they are to-day. Their ruin or failure was caused by wars and the absolute power of priests and kings. I taught a philosophical school in ancient Sidon, and the atomic theory was taught by me. I was not the originator of it, by any means, as the Phoenicians, on account of their commercial advantages, received all kinds of ideas from different nations—Egypt, India, China, etc. If mankind had had as much personal liberty in those days as you have in yours, all kinds of science would now have been so progressed that you would have understood how to live spiritually and physically correct lives, whereas now you do not. In my day there were seers, prophets and physical mediums under the designation of astrologers—by some called necromancers. There were two classes of mediums. One class, who were highly honored, comprised those who agreed with the priests of that day. That is, they helped to foster the superstitions represented by the priests; the other class were ostracized—called wizards, witches and dooms of evil. Strange as it may seem, all the good that had ever been performed by mediums was by those who were outside of the then existing superstitions. These were the real teachers of their fellow-men. I would say to modern mediums, you can never receive the light from the spirit world unless you are free from prejudice. The light is dimmed when it comes through the organism of a medium who wishes to become popular, and fails in with the superstitions that exist in the day when he or she lives. Pure and unadulterated truth will always come through those mediums who are the most negative to all the erroneous teachings of the day in which they exist as mortals. I have tried to perform my duty here to-day, and have succeeded reasonably well. I want to come again, but for the difficulty of forcing myself to remain upon the earth plane after I reach it. I lived between 1200 and 1300 years before what is termed Christianity, and my name was Moschus.

[Wild Cat, the Indian guide, said, after this spirit yielded the control, that it was only by the aid of three comparatively earthly spirits that Moschus was enabled to give that communication. How they aided him in the matter was not explained. We take the following as the only reference to Moschus (for that is the way he spelled his name), from Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography.]

"Moschus, a native of Phenicia, the author of a work on Phenician history, quoted by Athenaeus. Strabo speaks of one Mochus or Moschus (the reading varies), of Sidon, as the author of the atomic theory, and says he was more ancient than the Trojan war. This statement he gives on the authority of Posidonius. It is impossible, of course, to tell from such scanty notice, whether he refers to the same person, or whether he really lived so early. It has generally been supposed that the Ochus mentioned by Diogenes Laertius is the same person as the Mochus referred to by Athenaeus. Suidas also calls him Ochus, but he has evidently only copied the passage in Diogenes Laertius. But the mistake, if it is one, may easily have crept into the MSS. before his time. Josephus refers to Moschus, as do also Tatianus and Eusebius."

[Here was a spirit of whose name and history neither the medium nor myself had ever heard, returning and giving the correct spelling of his name, about which there had been the greatest uncertainty, and also confirming the fact that he lived, wrote and taught fully as early as Strabo and Posidonius states; a fact that has been questioned. The value of that communication cannot be too highly appreciated. It sets at rest the following facts: That prior to the year 1200 before the Christian era science and philosophy were nearly as advanced as they are to-day; that a spirit, after 3,000 years, can return and communicate the condition of affairs on earth when he lived; that priesthood, then as now, was the fœtus of human knowledge; that the atomic theory of creation, which is the acme of modern research, was then well understood and taught; that Spiritualism then prevailed, as now; that it was then opposed by priests and kings, as now; and that mediums who were in the toils of prejudice towards the prevailing errors of superstition, were then, as now, of no good to themselves or any one else. This one spirit communication would require a lengthy essay to do it justice.—Ed.]

DIODORUS SICULUS, (A Sicilian Historian.)

"I GREET YOU, SIR.—When here in the mortal form I was a historian and traveller. You cannot become a correct historian without travel. It is necessary to give you ideas that you cannot obtain by reading books. I travelled through all parts of the then civilized world making notes of what I saw and commenting on all their customs and religions, political and social. I tell you in all truth that in those days all ideas of a religious kind, that are being taught among you now, were then known and were acted upon as you are doing now. I found tribes that believed in and practiced baptism—I found whole nations looking for messiahs—and any number of idolaters who practiced the ceremony of the communion of the Christians, and venerated most of those holy symbols that are to be found in Catholic and Episcopal churches. After a close examination of all these things in Egypt—in Phenicia—and in all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, I found in nearly every instance that a medium, either inspired, clairvoyant or physical, had become a high priest, and that all of them owed their success to the fact that they were successful clairvoyants or healers—through spirit assistance—whose names had been handed down by their ancestors. Politically there were all kinds of governments prevailing, from the rule of the patriarch of a tribe up to an emperor; but in religion, or the superstitions then prevailing their mediumistic priests were in fact the real rulers of their respective countries, whether nominally

governed by an emperor or a patriarch. They consulted these priests as oracles or augurs, and were governed by their decisions. Since I have become a spirit, I have found that all the gods of antiquity were nothing more than the spirits who had once lived on earth and who predicted the success and prosperity of their country. I have learned one thing more, as a spirit. Every spirit that is truly progressed at the time of leaving the mortal form, is hot in the spirit life, and becomes a greater conqueror in the way of enlightenment, than all the emperors, kings or generals that ever lived on earth. As I lived a short time before the Christian era, all I can say in relation to the Christian religion, is, that I think it is nothing more than copy of the Eleusinian mysteries. During my spirit life I have never been able to find any further truth than what I have here stated. I lived 44 years before the Christian era. My name was Diodorus Siculus.

[We take the following facts concerning Diodorus Siculus from Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography.—Ed.]

"Diodorus the Sicilian, usually called Diodorus Siculus, was a contemporary of Caesar and Augustus. He was born in the town of Agyrium in Sicily, where he became acquainted with the Latin language, through the great intercourse between the Romans and Sicilians. Respecting his life we know no more than what he himself tells us. He seems to have made it the business of his life to write an universal history from the earliest down to his own time. With this object in view, he travelled over a great part of Europe and Asia to gain a more accurate knowledge of nations and countries, than he could obtain from previous historians and geographers. For a long time he lived at Rome; and there also he made large collections of materials for his work, by studying the ancient documents. He states that he spent thirty years upon his work, which period probably includes the time he spent in travelling and collecting materials. As it embraced the history of all ages and countries, and thus supplied the place as it were, of a whole library, he called it *Bibliotheca*. The time at which he wrote his history may be determined pretty accurately from internal evidence: he not only mentions Cesars invasion of Britain and his crossing the Rhine, but also his death and apotheosis; he further states, that he was in Egypt in the Olympiad 190, that is B. C. 20, etc., etc.

[It was the spirit of this close and careful observer of men and things, who returns and makes known the fact that prior to the alleged birth and life of Jesus Christ, every essential doctrine or dogma had been established among various peoples in substantially the same form as now observed by Christians. Testimony like this cannot be gainsaid.—Ed.]

ANTINUS.

(The bosom friend of Hadrian.)

"I AM BACK AGAIN—I travelled, when here in the mortal form, with that bosom friend of mine, the emperor Hadrian, about the year 120 A. D. No one was a greater inquirer after truth than Hadrian and myself—none tried to understand the then existing state of things, both as to religion and government more than ourselves. One of the principal studies of Hadrian was astrology, in which I also was much interested. But as a spirit I have found that there is not so much in planets and stars, as there is in impressions governed by a course of study of astrology, for it opens the way for spirits to take control; and the best reader of the stars is the best impressional medium. Without intuition, astrology is nothing. While your mind is going out into stellar space, you are becoming receptive to the knowledge of spirits. Every astrologer knows that what I have stated here is true. We found different kinds of teachers upon our travels, but at no place on the Mediterranean Sea—in Ancient Gaul or Britain—at that time, (A. D. 120,) did I ever meet with a single person who knew aught of the Christian religion. They knew of a man deified under the name of Apollonius. His statue was then in Rome; and it was in all essential particulars the same that has since figured as the representation of Jesus Christ. That they are one and the same I feel confident. I know considerable concerning statues, because after my own death, my statue was set up by the emperor Hadrian, and if you could see me in materialized form, as spirits are now coming to you, you would see the original of the Apollo Belvidere. I was drowned in Egypt, and the emperor never recovered from my loss, for it was my spirit that buoyed him up. After my death he sank into luxury, from which I was unable to save him; for I clung to him as closely as a spirit as I did when in the mortal form. My name was Antinous."

[We take the following account of Antinous from Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman biography.—Ed.]

"Antinous, a youth probably of a low origin, born at Bithynia or Clandropolis in Bithynia. On account of his extraordinary beauty he was taken by the emperor Hadrian to be his page, and soon became the object of his extraordinary affection. Hadrian took him with him on all his journeys. It was in the course of one of these that he was drowned in the Nile. It is uncertain whether his death was accidental, or whether he threw himself into the river, either from disgust of the life he led, or from a superstition belief that by so doing he should avert some calamity from the emperor. Dion Cassius favors the latter supposition. The grief of the emperor knew no bounds. He strove to perpetuate the memory of his favorite by monuments of all kinds. He rebuilt the city of Bessa in the Thebaïs, near which Antinous was drowned, and gave it the name of Antinoopolis. He caused temples to be erected to him in Egypt and Greece, and statues of him to be set up in almost every part of the world. In one of the sanctuaries dedicated to him, oracles were delivered in his name. Games were also celebrated in his honor. A star between the Eagle and the zodiac, which the courtiers of the emperor pretended had then first made its appearance, and was the soul of Antinous, received his name which it still bears. A large number of works of art of all kinds were executed in his honor, and many of them are still extant. The death of Antinous, which took place probably in A. D. 122, seems to have formed an era in the history of ancient art."

[The reference to himself, by this spirit, of having been the original of the unexcelled statue of Apollo Belvidere is most remarkable, and shows that through Modern Spiritualism, the secrets of all past ages will yet be brought to light. When

the communication was being given I thought that this part of it must certainly be incorrect; but we find that the probabilities are altogether in favor of the entire correctness of this spirit statement. We take the following account of the Apollo Belvidere from the Encyclopedia Britannica.—Ed.]

"Apollo Belvidere, a marble statue of Apollo, found towards the end of the fifteenth century near Antium, a favorite resort of Roman emperors. Julius II., while yet a cardinal, purchased it, and on becoming Pope allowed it to be placed, through Michael Angelo, in the Belvidere of the Vatican, whence it was taken by the French in 1797, but restored in 1815. The marble, some believe to be Greek, though the best authorities call it Carara. In any case, the statue is not an original work, but a copy, apparently, from a very fine Greek statue of about the beginning of the third century B. C., of which another copy has been identified in a bronze statuette now in St. Petersburg, known as the Stroganoff Apollo. Lately also, a marble head has been found at Rome corresponding closely in measurement and in style, confirming what is suggested by the statue, viz., that the original was of bronze. From the bronze statue it is found that the Apollo Belvidere held forward in his left hand not a bow, as was thought, but the aegis, in the attitude of spreading consternation among an enemy, as he did among the Trojans; and it is usual to adopt, as the occasion for the production of this statue, the invasion of the Gauls, whom, in 278 B. C., the god drove in alarm from his sanctuary at Delphi. The extraordinary praise bestowed upon it by Winckelmann, secured for the statue a fame from which the discovery of true Greek sculptures since then, has gradually detracted, to this extent, that even its original cannot now be placed in the best period of Greek art."

[In view of all the facts and circumstances above given, there can hardly be a doubt that the Apollo Belvidere of the Vatican is neither a Greek original nor a copy of a Greek original statue, but is essentially a Roman original statue of Antinous, produced in the reign of Hadrian, and erected by his procurement at Antium, at which place he passed a part of his time. From the communication of Antinous it would seem that success in astrology, as in psychometry, depends mainly upon the impressionable receptivity of the reader of the life experiences of mortals, of spirit impartations. The going out of the mind of the astrologer into stellar space, seems to place him in rapport with the spirits who sense the past, present and future of the person consulting such sensitives. Antinous adds to the number of those who must have known of the existence of Jesus Christ, had he lived and labored as represented, and who testifies that no such religion as Christianity was ever heard of as late as A. D. 129, when he probably died, and not in A. D. 124, as has been supposed.—Ed.]

MARCUS. (A Cynic Philosopher and Magician.)

MY BEST GREETINGS TO YOU.—I had rather be a so-called devil, in the propagation of truth, than to be called an angel or a saint, by after generations, for having bolstered up errors and superstitions. When here I was a magician. I never knew how certain feats were performed until I became a spirit. I was very skeptical as to my own abilities, and was tried, and tempted, and extorted with, and finally threatened by the Christians then living, if I did not exercise my talents, such as they were, in favor of their religion. A notorious set of rascals were these Christians at that time. They were ready to fawn upon and flatter anybody who would help them to propagate their religion. Their principal business, then, was interpolating copies of ancient manuscripts in regard to one Apollonius, to Potamon, to Ammonius Saccas and to Plotinus; and all of these writings that could not be used to prop up their cause were either destroyed or so mutilated as to conceal the fraud they were seeking to perpetrate. I have every reason to believe that my knowledge of these things, as a mortal, was the means of making the Emperor Julian an *Apostate* (God save the name!). He and myself were very particular friends, and when I showed him the infernal transactions of those Christians, he declared he would have nothing more to do with them; and he, to-day, in spirit-life, thanks me for it. I was thus the humble means of freeing a grand spirit from one of the most accursed superstitions that has ever existed on this planet. I give you this communication hoping that it will cause investigation; for, if properly looked into, it will be found correct, by thinkers. As for natural born fools, you cannot make them think until they are made to suffer a hell of remorse in spirit-life. Then they will begin to think and strive for the good of humanity. My name was Maximus. I was a Cynic philosopher.

[We take the following account of Maximus from Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography.—Ed.]

"Maximus Ephesus, one of the teachers of the emperor Julian, who is not to be confounded with Maximus Epicteta, whose name is likewise conspicuous among the learned friends of that emperor. Maximus, the subject of this notice, was a native of either Ephesus or Smyrna, and belonged to a rich and distinguished family. He early embraced the doctrine of the Pythagorean Platonists, and obtained great reputation by his lectures on philosophy and Pagan divinity. The philosopher Aldius, whose disciple he was, recommended him to prince Julian, afterwards emperor, who came to Ephesus for the sole purpose of hearing Maximus. Julian held him in high esteem, and it is said as well believed, that chiefly through him he was induced to abjure Christianity. Besides philosophy, Maximus excelled in magic, and there is a story that he foretold Julian his subsequent elevation to the throne, which after all did not require a very considerable degree of supernatural knowledge. In 361, Maximus and the philosopher Chrysanthus were invited by Julian to repair to his court at Constantinople. They consulted the stars before they set out, and the signs having been found unfavorable, Chrysanthus refused to go, but Maximus thought, probably that the favor of an emperor was a better augury than the constellation of the stars, and hastened to make his court to Julian. This time the philosophy of Maximus proved sound, for he rose to great eminence at court; but he nevertheless injured his reputation, among the heathens no less than among the Christians, by listening too much to flattery. It was this perhaps that Chrysanthus had read in the stars. When Julian set out on his campaign against the Persians, Maximus prophesied a fortunate issue, and accompanied him on the expedition, from which we

might infer that Maximus believed in the truth of his prophecies. As it happened, however, that the issue was most lamentable, he, on his safe return, was sadly ridiculed by the inhabitants of Antioch, who were by no means a dull people, as Julian found to his cost. For some time Maximus was honored by the emperors Valens and Valentinian, till the public voice accused him and Priscus of having caused by their sorceries the illness which befell the emperor in the month of April, 364. They were consequently summoned to Constantinople, when Priscus cleared himself, but Maximus less fortunate was condemned to pay a heavy fine, and, being unable to raise the money, was sent to Ephesus, where he was kept in prison till the end of 365. During all the time he was exposed to such cruel tortures, that he requested his wife to bring him poison, which she did; but instead of giving it to her husband, she swallowed it and died instantly. He owed his delivery to the philosopher Themistius, who spoke on his behalf in Constantinople, and to Clearchus, who held the supreme command in Asia, and he even recovered a portion of his property, which had been confiscated. In 371, Maximus was accused of being an accomplice in a conspiracy against the life of Valens, and it seems that he was guilty, in as much as he knew of the plot but did not reveal it. He was also accused of sorcery and sentenced to death, and his head was accordingly struck off; philosophy dying with him, as Libanius says."

[In as much as neither the medium nor ourself knew aught of Maximus, when that communication was given, there seems no possible room to doubt its genuineness and authenticity. This being the case it throws a flood of light upon the real cause of the condemnation and protracted torture of Maximus. It was not that Maximus was a sorcerer and sought the lives of his fellow-emperors through the exercise of his magic art, but because he knew the secret villainies of the Christian priesthood, and had exposed them to the emperor Julian who was thus led to oppose them, and to take measures to destroy their power. According to the testimony of the spirit of Maximus, we find that in the last half of the fourth century, the fact was well known that there was nothing original about the Christian religion, and that it was but a revision and modification of the teachings of Appolonius of Tyana and his disciples Potamon, Ammonius Saccas and Plotinus. It will be further seen by the communication, that Maximus was threatened by the Christians, if he did not exercise his magical gifts in favor of the Christian religion. Had he done so, he would no doubt have escaped torture and death at the hands of those religious monsters. How long can such a religion prevail in the light of the testimony of these returning spirits? Not long we are sure, unless all signs of the times shall prove deceptive.—Ed.]

GODFREY BREITSCHNEIDER. (Pilsen, Germany.)

GOOD MORNING SIR.—In this mortal-life I was a hater of human hypocrisy, whether it was shown by priests or politicians, and I exposed so much these priests, in my book called "The Almanac of the Saints," that they did as much as they could, after my death, to damn my soul by their curses. But I am none the worse for their curses nor their marnathas either. I charged them with appropriating ancient religions, and that, without altering their form, and that they knew that their Gospels came from India. The true originals will some day come to light, because I know, as a spirit, what I did not know as a mortal; and that is, that when the Alexandrian Library was destroyed a great many manuscripts were saved which are only lost for a time, but which will be recovered soon—to the consternation of popes, archbishops, bishops and priests, all of whom are a shame to the present age, and who, if mortals were not idiots, would never submit to their tyranny. These fat-bellies have not much longer to reign. They have trodden on human rights too long, and I tell you, as a spirit, that their judgment day is not far off. Just let the manuscripts I have spoken of, get into the hands of the learned in philosophy, literature and science of to-day, and the printing press will do the rest. I hope this communication will help to stir up the radicals to give the priesthood what they deserve. My name was Godfrey Breitschneider. I died in 1811, at Pilsen, Germany.

[We have been able to find no reference to such an author or publisher as Breitschneider, nor to such a book as "The Almanac of the Saints." We would be obliged for any information concerning such a man.—Ed.]

DANIEL GEROW, M. D. (Port Jervis, Maryland.)

GOOD MORNING, SIR.—I have been in spirit-life some two years. I was more inclined to Methodism, than to any other form of Christian religion, but it is not forms, ceremonies and beliefs that have anything to do with your happiness as a spirit. Your good actions will alone serve you in the spirit-life. They alone will keep you up, while any form of religion will keep you in darkness. Modern Spiritualism is not a religion; it is a philosophy founded on the facts of the spiritual existence. There is one plain and simple fact that involves all others; and that is, to work for humanity. Have with you a spirit that longs to work for every one's happiness. In this mortal-life I was a physician. As a spirit, I am still a physician to the minds of those who are diseased by bad habits contracted on this mortal plane. The place from which I passed to spirit-life is called Port Jervis, Md., and my name was Daniel Gerow.

JOHN N. FOWLER. (Detroit, Michigan.)

GOOD DAY, SIR.—I have not much to say here. I merely come to warn others from falling into the same errors that I did myself, in regard to a belief in the spirit-life. I would advise you all to bid farewell to belief, and, through Modern Spiritualism, by investigation, obtain a real knowledge of the state of affairs in the spirit-life. It will save you untold difficulties, give you happiness, and help you to join those you loved, by enabling you to understand the conditions that are necessary for you to fulfil your spirit mission. This communication will reach a channel that will convey it to many who knew me, and lead them to investigate Spiritualism. I intend to watch, and, through my spirit will, I think I can control circumstances to get this into the hands of certain persons whom I desire it shall reach. They would not accept it, if sent to them directly, but they will do so when it reaches them as I intend it shall. My name was John N. Fowler, Detroit, Michigan.

conversing with the Infinite Spirit of goodness, that he set about establishing a society that was to take the wind out of the sails of those two old salts, Andrew Jackson Davis and Dr. J. R. Buchanan, who have carried their brooms at the mast-head on the Seas of Harmonial and Christian Spiritualism. Neither of them had any use for the spirit world, and Mr. Kiddie seems to have concluded that he has as little use for it as they. All this squirming to get away from the stubborn facts of Spiritualism, and to revel in the ambient realms of "ideal truth and rightousness" is a waste of effort, and this Mr. Kiddie and all other *etherial* (in common parlance *windy*) professors of superlative righteousness will find out.

MOST IMPORTANT PROOF OF THE TRUTH OF SPIRITUALISM.

A friend in Shiresburg, Huntingdon County, Pa., has sent us the following card cut from the *Huntingdon Journal*, which explains itself:

"A CARD."

"WARRIOR'S MARK, May 16, 1881.

Mr. Editor:—Excuse me for obtruding upon you this note. My feelings is a parent and those of my family have been so outraged and wounded by a communication in a late issue of the *Huntingdon Globe*, purporting to have been copied from a paper called *MIND AND MATTER*, that I am impelled to say, through your paper, to my friends and the public, that that communication is unequivocally and absolutely false, excepting in this: that my daughter is deceased and that she was a Methodist. Her life on earth was blameless, her religious testimony lucid and in accordance with God's Holy Word. In her family and home she never bore false witness, nor can I believe that in the presence of saints or devils in the other world, or Spiritualists in this, she could be induced to utter falsehood. But in the communication referred to, she is represented as making statements, as a spirit in the spirit world, which are in direct collision with her own family record, which statements she knew, and all her friends know, to be false. What right have these parties to disturb the memory of a loved one who sleeps in the tomb, or slander her name, or open afresh the wounds in the hearts of her friends which her death occasioned? Surely in a Christian country like this, there should be a law to restrain such vile slanderers as these, and those editors who are thoughtless and reckless enough to publish such slang.

"SAMUEL RALSTON."

"The slang" to which this good, pious and loving Christian alludes, we give herewith, in order that no injustice may be done to any one in the premises. It was published among-the-spirit communications given through the mediumship of Alfred James in *MIND AND MATTER* of May 7 last.

ANNA RALSTON, (Warrior's Mark, Pa.)

"GOOD DAY, SIR:—I died at Warrior's Mark, Pa. I was the same as the sister who preceded me, a Methodist. I died young. To me life had just begun to open. I was ten years younger than the sister, that is twenty-seven. I have a father and mother living at Warrior's Mark. I wish to say, that in spirit life, things seem to change very rapidly—that is, to shift from one thing to another according to your desires. As a spirit I have found you can have all the suffering you desire or deserve, or you can have all the happiness your soul can crave. But these things are not dependent on belief—neither can they be avoided nor gained by adherence to any creed. But they can be gained by your own efforts. You can join those you loved on earth. You can have all the happiness you desire by adhering to that which you learn as a spirit to be true. No God—no Saviour—nothing but the centre of matter from which you are evolved, and which sends forth truth, which, however soiled, must go back to its source pure and undefiled. Religion should be out of the way altogether, and each person taught from infancy, a system of morals, which will not allow one person to infringe the rights of another. They who will devote themselves to the accomplishment of this change, will be the greatest benefactors of their race, as far as I can learn as a spirit. My name was Anna Ralston, of Warrior's Mark, Pa."

It is that communication that Mr. Ralston pronounces to be "unequivocally and absolutely false; excepting in that his daughter was deceased and a Methodist."

He here most positively denies that his daughter's name was Anna—that she had a father and mother living at Warrior's Mark, or that she was twenty-seven years of age when she died. Now we do not know whether these denials of Mr. Ralston are true or not. We presume they are not, however, as the communication was published in the *Huntingdon Globe*, ashering the evidences of authenticity. All that we know concerning the communication we will here specifically state. At one of our weekly sittings with Mr. James, while the medium was as insensible of what was taking place, as the chair upon which his form was sitting, that communication was given among others, and we wrote it down word for word as it was given, through the medium's lips. The spirit who preceded her, and to whom she refers, gave the name of Mary Beach of Esopus, N. Y., who spoke with unusual force and beauty of her spirit knowledge. She closed her communication by saying, "I departed this life in the latter part of 1879, at Esopus, N. Y., at the age of thirty-six." We have no knowledge that such a person ever lived. We published the communication from her as we publish other communications at the request of spirits.

Both these communications were preceded by the following communication, purporting to come from the spirit of John Summerfield, a noted Methodist preacher, who died in 1825, at the age of twenty-seven years. He said:

"GOOD DAY, SIR:—I was a preacher, and I preached Methodism. If I had it to do over again I would rather preach hell. My name, sir, was John Summerfield. I was born in England, and

died in America, in 1825. No man had a greater desire to preach truth, and yet who was governed by more trivial circumstances. Now I can only give the result of my experience in my search for Jesus. What has been that result? I will state it as I have realized it as a spirit, not as a mortal. The first one I applied to for information was Solon, a Greek, and what was his answer? He said as all men and women are transgressors, so all mortals want to shift the consequences of their transgressions on some other being. It was simply a question, as he explained it in his wisdom, of the cry of 'Stop thief!' From all the evidence I have been able to gather, as a spirit, I conclude there is no man that holds any pre-eminence over any other man, except as he may be purer in morals. The purest moralists are those whose control in the spirit life is the most absolute in the end. By this I mean not only those who are passively moral, but those who are actively so. I assure you that kind of a record is the one that secures happiness—that secures bliss. I advise all to drop beliefs, to drop creeds, to drop fixed ideas upon any point, and make their lives as straight as an arrow toward that which their conscience tells them to be true. That is about all I can say at this time. Good by."

Up to the time these communications were given, we knew nothing whatever concerning the persons from whom they purported to come. Nor do we now. They are beyond all question spirit communications, and the only thing not positively known is whether they are authentic or not. Each reader must judge upon that point as best he can, from the facts.

But Mr. Ralston feels that he cannot afford to allow this to be done, and so he denies the truth of the facts, without so much as troubling himself to know what those facts are. Whether the communication came from his daughter or not, he can no more judge than himself. That it is worthy of a spirit whose life on earth was blameless and religious, we can well understand, and therefore we regard this spirit testimony as of all the greater value. We do not blame Mr. Ralston for refusing to accept the testimony of this truthful spirit, as coming from his daughter; for if he should do so his religious idol, Methodism, would be shattered never to be replaced in his now prejudiced and bigoted breast. This dear and truthful spirit realizes the truth of the reply of "Father Abraham" to Dives, when he said, as is alleged, "Have they not Moses and the Prophets?" Though one should rise from the dead, yet will they not believe it. It is natural for "Ephraim to be bound to his idols," and therefore, in that "Charity which covereth a multitude of sins," we can overlook the frenzied hatred of truth which Mr. Ralston manifested in this connection. Mr. Ralston seems to imagine that he is living in a Christian country, and not in this great free and enlightened American Republic, in which Christianity has no more lot or part than Judaism, Mormonism, Unitarianism or any other system of religious sectarianism, and the sooner the delusion that this is a Christian country is dismissed from the minds of Christian bigots, the better it will be for their peace of mind and the good of their religious hobby.

DIABOLICAL SPIRITUALISM—WHAT IS IT?

If we remember rightly, it was Prof. J. R. Buchanan and Mr. Henry Kiddie who made the discovery, or at least who claimed to have discovered, that besides Ancient Spiritualism, and Modern Spiritualism, and Christian Spiritualism, and Pure Spiritualism, there was another description of Spiritualism that was designated as Diabolical Spiritualism. Since our attention was directed to the existence of this new candidate for public recognition we have been keeping up a constant observation of its anatomy, to discover whether it has not been wrongly classified, and instead of belonging to the genus *Spiritualistic*, it should be placed among the parasites of that well defined family. Out in Denver, Colorado, lives one Hugo Preyer, who seeks to figure as a friend to *Spiritualism*. In the *R.-P. Journal*, of June 4th, is a letter, from him which we publish, to let the world know what manner of man he is in his make up. It is introduced by the head line, "Letter from the President of the First Spiritualist Society of Denver." Here it is:

"To the Editor of the *R.-P. Journal*:

"The Fletcher case is bringing to the front as her defenders, all that is corrupt in *Spiritualism*. Every medium that stands on a level with the riled prostitute or the lowly corner looter, is ready to defend Mrs. Fletcher. Spiritualism has had enough to carry from this kind of trash, and the quicker we let mediums and their controlling influences know that respectable society will have nothing to do with them the better; the medium who is controlled by spirits that have no morality or even common decency about them, ought to be made to keep quiet, or be put into an asylum where her spirit friends can be taught decency and respectability. I am a thorough *Spiritualist*; [How much that sounds like the cant of a thorough Christian hypocrite!] but am also thoroughly disgusted with the shams which are now passed off on Spiritualism. [That is manifestly a lie, or Hugo Preyer, who is as great a spiritualistic sham as John C. Bundy is, or any other sham that has sought to disgrace Spiritualism, by attaching himself or herself to it as its champion, would go and drown himself instead of posing as the President of a Spiritual Society.—En.]

"Denver, like every other city in the Union," says this 'Sham,' "has its so-called mediums, but I say it boldly, and as President of the First Spiritualist Society of this city, that we have not one medium here that is capable, under test-proof conditions, to give a sincere investigator any proof of immortality. We have good mediums, who are capable of giving satisfaction to those who are thoroughly conversant with the phenomena and philosophy, but not to investigators, unless they take every shadow for a ghost. Go on in your good work. Stand up for the truth of

spirit manifestations; but wipe out the hypocrites and Pharisees.

Denver, Col. HUGO PREYER.

A worthy correspondent is this hypocritical Sham of the Sham spiritual publication, the "Organ of Bundyism." Who is Hugo Preyer, that he should be allowed to insult every Spiritualist in Denver who believes or knows that there are good and true mediums in that city, by impudently alleging that they are only such persons as have no more sense than to take a shadow for a ghost. We do not know the Spiritualists of Denver, but we feel fully warranted from what we so largely know of Spiritualists elsewhere, in pronouncing that, a groundless lie. Spiritualists in Denver, or anywhere else, are not the fools that this Dutch boor would have the world regard them.

When we read that brutal abuse of Mrs. Fletcher and her friends, by this vile hypocrite and slanderer we could not but feel that bristles—not human hair—was his natural covering. He may wear the form of a man, but his nature would shame a hog. Such a man, if man he is, is a moral monster, whose sympathy would be moral death to any one, subjected to it. That he should hate Mrs. Fletcher and every other faithful medium is most natural; but that he should claim to be a Spiritualist—and a true Spiritualist at that—shows that he is a true child of the Father of Lies. If Hugo Preyer is a "true Spiritualist" he belongs to the "Diabolical Department," and is only a loathsome parasite, whose part it is to sap the life of Spiritualism upon which he has found a lodgement. Here and now we crush the infamous thing. Reader, think not that we are too severe in our warfare on these pests of Spiritualism. We have made them a study, and we know the necessity there is that they should be exterminated, if Spiritualism is to survive their depredations. They are not as numerous as the lice that afflicted Egypt, but not one whit less destructive in their instincts.

Last week we noticed the falsehoods, previously published in the *R.-P. Journal*, of a drunken loafer who was kicked out of one of Mrs. Elsie Crindle's seances given by her in Chicago. The refined and lady-like Mrs. Bundy, who represents Col. John Bundy during his "flight from the wrath to come," in the editorial chair of that Bundyite organ, comes to the aid of that miserable liar with the following specimen of feminine Bundyism. She says:

"Our correspondent, F. J. L., wishes us to state that in his account of a seance with Elsie Crindle, alias Elsie Daniels, published in our issue of May 28th, he carelessly omitted to credit that lady with another alias under which she advertised while in Chicago, viz., that of Davis. Her name, wherever mentioned in his letter, should properly have been Elsie Crindle, alias Elsie Daniels, alias Elsie Davis, of California."

Such is the effect and influence of Bundyism upon every one that inhales its loathsome atmosphere, that it destroys even the natural refinement of women, and obliterates every virtuous and womanly instinct that constitutes the ordinary charms of the gentler sex. We warn Mrs. Bundy that she cannot afford to follow the brutal course pursued by her husband towards unoffending mediums. We ask her to remember that she is a woman, and to act like one. If she will not do it, then we will adopt the policy of Ben Butler when in command of the secessionist city of New Orleans, and treat her as we would treat any other wanton virago whose intolerable conduct required suppression. That attack upon Mrs. Crindle is a brutal, cowardly affair, and the woman who takes a hand in it is as bad as the male brutes who were engaged in its perpetration. Mrs. Bundy, do you hear? Bundyism and Diabolical Spiritualism are synonymous.

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

MR. W. HARRY POWELL, our Philadelphia slate-writing medium, will return home on the 11th of this month, after an extended and successful journey through the Western States.

MIND AND MATTER can be obtained every Friday morning and during the week, at 801 Spring Garden street, near the hall of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, at 505½ North Eighth street.

We have just received news from Boston, that Mr. James McGahey, alias Dr. Mack, was arrested in that city on Friday last, and held in custody until Monday, when he was released under \$40,000 bail to appear for a hearing on July 2d.

MR. HENRY CRINDE, the gifted medium for physical manifestations and independent slate writing, will sit in a dark circle, for physical phenomena, at the residence of Mrs. Wiley, No. 1128 Vine street, on Friday evening, 10th inst., at 8 o'clock.

He will also give a public seance for his several phases of mediumship, including independent writing, the materialization of hands, etc., at Rhoad's Hall, 505½ N. 8th street, on Saturday evening, 11th inst., at 8 o'clock.

Mr. Crindle also continues his private daily sittings for independent slate writing, answering of sealed letters, etc., at 1128 Vine street, where he may be found at all hours of the day.

OUR well known medium Mr. Alfred James and his good lady, who are now on a visit at Vine-

land, N. J., will visit Hammonton, and attend the meetings of the friends at that place on Sunday next, 12th inst. They will also hold a public test circle on the following Thursday evening at the same place.

MRS. ELSIE CRINDE will return from New York to this city on Tuesday next, 14th instant, and will hold a seance for materialization on the evening of that day at 1128 Vine street, at the usual hour—eight o'clock sharp. Visitors are requested to be punctual to the hour, as the doors will be closed promptly at that time, that the circle may not be disturbed after being seated.

MRS. FLETCHER AND THE CHICAGO MEDIUMS.—At a meeting of the Chicago Spiritual Mediums Society, held at No. 13 S. Halstead St., that city, June 5th, M. S. 34, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted: WHEREAS,

It has been reported to us that Mrs. S. W. Fletcher, a spiritual medium, formerly a resident of this country, has been convicted upon a charge upon which, as we understand, if she had not been a medium, she would not have been convicted, and is now undergoing punishment in a prison in England; therefore be it Resolved that we extend our warmest sympathy and condolence in this her hour of persecution and suffering; and be it further Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Mrs. Fletcher, and also be spread upon the records of this Society. Signed: John B. Crocker, Sarah Bromwell, Z. T. Griffen, Committee.

It has been the misfortune of Spiritualism that it has attracted to it, by the force of circumstances, a class of time-serving, selfish, insincere and dishonest persons, who have sought in every possible way to curry favor with its bigoted enemies, and at the expense of truth, right and justice to do what they can to degrade it in the estimation of right thinking people. Of this class of persons is Wm. H. Harrison, editor of the *Spiritualist*, London, England. In that paper of May 27, he says:

"Certain Spiritualists have long felt it would be a good thing for the movement if it took part in prosecuting a medium for fraud, to show the public that Spiritualists have nothing in common with those who commit such acts; it was known that it would require great moral courage so to do; for no matter how clear the case, there would be sure to be a vigorous fight by the defendant and those who believed him to be innocent."

What right has the mean, contemptible, cringing sneak who wrote that, to be regarded as a friend of Spiritualism, or to be countenanced and sustained by true and honest Spiritualists. Thank fortune he is not sustained, for he wrote us himself, two years ago, that he published his paper at a loss, and but for the sale of books, which he was enabled to get through it as an advertising channel, he could not keep it afloat. It may be natural for a man as hard pressed as he must be, to catch at any straw to keep himself from going under, but straws are not the kind of life-saving rafts that will keep any one afloat. If this man Harrison supposes that the enemies of Spiritualists are going to think any better of them for toadying to their prejudices he is as great a fool as he is a knave to thus surrender every particle of his manhood for nothing, or even what is worse to incur the contempt of those whose smiles and favors he would win by thus demeaning himself.

The above specimen of Harrisonian Spiritualism, was called out by the desire of Harrison, to place himself squarely on a par with Mrs. Davies and Jim McGahey as friends of Spiritualism: two as disreputable characters as ever polluted the name of Spiritualism by professing to be its friends. Such people flock together as naturally as buzzards do around the garbage on which they feed, and having no characters to lose themselves, they delight in nothing so much as to seek to soil the good name and fair fame of others whose level in public estimation they could never hope to reach.

Mrs. Hartley-Davies, it appears, has been allowed to escape the penalties for her crime of perjury, in testifying falsely in the case against Mrs. Fletcher, on a technicality that shows the unfairness and direct complicity of the law officers of the English Crown, in the conspiracy that resulted in the conviction and punishment of Mrs. Fletcher. The facts are as follows:

REFUSAL TO GRANT A SUMMONS.

In connection with the Spiritualist case, an intimation was given, as reported yesterday, to Mr. Edward Dillon Lewis, for the applicants, and Mr. St. John Wontner, for Mrs. Hart-Davies, to the effect that Sir James Ingham had decided to grant a summons against that lady for perjury, alleged to have been committed in evidence given against Mrs. Fletcher. Later on, a further intimation was sent to the legal adviser on both sides, to the effect that Sir James Ingham had reconsidered the information, and had determined not to grant the summons, the matter alleged to have been falsely sworn to not being material to the issue, either in the inquiry at this court or upon the trial at the Central Criminal Court.—*The Times*, May 24.

It thus appears, that while the evidence that Mrs. Davies had perjured herself was sufficient to establish that fact, yet Sir James Ingham refused to grant a warrant for her arrest, because the perjury was in relation to matters not material to the issue of the trial. As if a woman that would perjure her soul to screen herself would not just as readily have perjured herself to wrong a woman against whom she held the deepest feelings of jealousy and revenge. The fact is admitted, by the course of Sir James Ingham, that Mrs. Fletcher is to-day in prison on the testimony of a perjured witness, and she Wm. H. Harrison's pink of womanly perfection.

Among the Mediums of San Francisco.*To the Editor of Mind and Matter:*

A few days ago I was in San Francisco, and having a little leisure time on my hands, I concluded to spend some of it in visiting some of the mediums of that place. I promised my friends, before I went there, that I would publish for their benefit, whatever I might experience which seemed to me would be useful to the cause. Many persons are living far away from chances of investigation, and however well disposed they may be towards our cause, they have no opportunities for personal observance of those phenomena which are so important in demonstrating the truth of Spiritualism. To such persons, a word or two from one they know personally, goes a long way towards confirming them in a belief in those things which it is the especial mission of Spiritualism to proclaim. In the hope that a few words from me will assist some of the Doubting Thomases among my acquaintances, I write at this time. My first experiment was with Mrs. Ada Faye, in her famous ballot tests. Without her sight and hearing I wrote the names of five of my deceased friends and relatives, on five separate pieces of paper and folded them all alike and mixed them up so that I myself did not know which was which, and laid them all on the table in front of us. They never, during the whole sitting, left my sight for an instant, nor did she touch them at all, except with the end of a pencil, when she asked if the person represented by a ballot was present. The first ballot she touched and asked if the person whose name was written upon it was present, the reply immediately came by three distinct raps upon the table: "Yes." Almost immediately thereafter her hand was seemingly controlled by an outside force, and wrote the following message: "Yes; I am here, and glad to meet you. H. C. Anderson." I took the ballot and opened it, and there, sure enough, was the same name—the name of a very dear sister who has long been in spirit life. Now Mrs. Faye never had seen me before, and did not know my name nor those of any of my friends. Again she pointed to another ballot, and asked if that person was present, and again the raps replied, "Yes." Her hand was again moved to write, and this was written: "You will do well, up there; a little uphill at first, but you will be prosperous and happy, V. H. White." I picked up the ballot she had pointed to, and, sure enough, that was the name it bore—that of a deceased brother. That message contained a meaning for me which Mrs. Faye could not understand, nor could any one, unless he knew that I was changing my place of abode, and my destination was really "up there" from San Francisco.

The same thing occurred with two other ballots, making four tests out of the five ballots I had written in the first place. Now I would like to ask any candid person, if these things are not satisfactory proof that my friends did really return and communicate with me? I was an utter stranger to Mrs. Faye; I wrote the ballots without her sight, and folded them all alike, and when she pointed to one, I myself did not know which one it was; nor was it possible for her to have read them by any means known to our physical natures. How then did she come to write the messages and sign the names of my deceased friends to them? How could she write a message applicable to me, and to me alone? There can be but one satisfactory answer to these questions, and that is that my deceased friends controlled her hand, wrote those messages and signed their names.

A few evenings afterwards, I saw her do the same thing in a public audience in a large hall, where there were at least a peck of ballots on the table before her. She then gave some ten or twelve tests of the same kind to persons in different parts of the hall; but as that might have been done by collusion, I do not attach the same weight to it, as to my private sitting, though for myself I do not believe Mrs. Faye would stoop to fraud. But in my private sitting, her honesty or dishonesty does not enter into the question. There was no chance for fraud. I would not colleague with her to defraud myself, and she and I were the only living parties to the sitting, and it occurred about ten o'clock in the morning, in her parlors, which are lighted by two large windows, which were entirely uncurtained.

I have related the facts exactly as they occurred, only I omitted to mention that the messages as she wrote them were written upside down, and from right to left, so that I could read them as fast as she wrote.

I also visited some other mediums, and got some astonishing tests, but a description of them must be deferred for another paper.

E. G. ANDERSON.
Ferndale, Humboldt Co., Cal.

Wm. Emmett Coleman's Addendum to Pappus and the Nicene Council.

"Honor to whom honor is due." I have read with interest and satisfaction Mr. Coleman's Addendum to his former article on Pappus and the Nicene Council, in MIND AND MATTER, May 21st. This supplies what was wanting in his preceding article, and spreads before the community valuable and needed information, after the ignorant eulogiums of the unknown Pappus.

It shows the utter unreliability and worthlessness of the authority of that unknown author of the "Synodicon," who probably lived before the middle of the ninth century.

Rev. Robert Taylor called this unknown author Pappus, from John Pappus, a German, who, about 1600, published an edition of his "Synodicon" in the original Greek, and also a translation in Latin. Taylor was as ignorant of the author and his name as we are. So, with characteristic recklessness, he slaps the name Pappus on to this unknown writer, because John Pappus published an edition of his "Synodicon" after the unknown author had been dead 800 years or more. Now we see why Taylor tricked him off upon us with this remark: "Pappus, in his 'Synodicon' to the Council of Nice asserts," etc., giving no clue to the real author, or when or where he lived, and giving the publisher's name as the author's name—"Pappus in his 'Synodicon'"—while John Pappus was only the publisher, and never claimed the work as his. And others, caught by Taylor's trick, called this ancient unknown, Pappus, knowing nothing about him.

It was this ancient unknown author that Mrs. Davis called "the learned and renowned bishop Pappus." And if Mr. Coleman did not mean this same ancient author when he said, "Pappus, the learned theologian and divine," he was misleading us to understand that he meant the author of the Synodicon, when he only meant one of his publishers eight hundred

years after he wrote the work. John Pappus, of A. D. 1600, being a learned theologian and divine, does not prove the author of the Synodicon, who lived eight hundred years before, to be a learned theologian and divine, whom Taylor called Pappus, and others also, after him. That is the Pappus whose authority we have been discussing, not John Pappus the modern, nor the Alexandrian Pappus of the fourth century. That endorsement was not intended, originally, to lodge on the Dutchman, but for the Greek author eight hundred years further back. Please stand up to the record. The Dutchman was not the man, and the last is no authority and nameless.

It is to be hoped that this will be the last of attempts to slur the Council, or to apologize for or partially bolster up A. J. Davis's "Travesty, imagination and clairvoyance substituted for the sober, well-established facts of history," by quoting this unknown author dubbed Pappus after Taylor, and backing him with such endorsements as these: "The learned and renowned Bishop Pappus;" "Pappus, the learned theologian and divine;" "The author and philosopher, Pappus, of the fourth century, in his 'Synodicon of the Council of Nice.'" Such pedantic stuff will not read well much longer, and then it will lose its charms to mislead and cover over the real truths of history.

Mr. Coleman has done a good work in that addendum towards enabling us to arrive at the "bottom facts," for which he should receive the thanks of the readers of MIND AND MATTER, among whom may be reckoned as not among the last and least interested,

INQUIRER.

Letter From Cincinnati—Mediumship of Mr. Shepherd

CINCINNATI, O., May 31, 1881.

BROTHER ROBERTS:—I return petitions sent. I am sorry to say that some persons calling themselves Spiritualists, think that Mrs. Fletcher is just where she should be, and think it best that she should serve her time in prison. I have no doubt in my mind that all those so-called Spiritualists are readers of the Chicago *Journal*. It affords me pleasure to say that all who attend my Sunday receptions have placed their names on my list. If I get more names before the time to send abroad, I will send them. I would be glad to grasp you by the hand. A few more just like you, and our mediums would develop grand gifts, indeed; for they would feel strong, knowing that they had fearless friends who would stand by them. A true Spiritualist desires no bars or bands. And I am convinced that when the days of test conditions are over, we shall have such demonstrations as will cause the sternest opposers to confess that the friends they thought dead are indeed alive and have never known death. For nearly three weeks we have been blessed by the presence of—as I verily believe—the grandest medium on earth, for musical and physical manifestations. Our parlors have been filled again and again with wonder-struck visitors. Last Sunday evening every nook and cranny was crowded with persons eager to hear the seraphic music, as the voices (independent) echoed through the house. Hundreds on the outside of the house, heard the lovely voices of such vocalists as Sontag and many others who have passed on to their higher life to continue still their loved vocation. Mr. Shepherd should be heard. Language fails; the grandeur and glory of his gifts must be heard—it is indescribable. He will remain a few days longer in our city. We are happy to have become acquainted with him, for, aside from his mediumship, we find him a true gentleman, pleasant and kind. Long may he live to bless his fellow-men.

ANNIE C. RALL.

Miss Jenny Schollenberger in Aurora, Illinois.*Editor of Mind and Matter:*

I have attended two more of Jenny Schollenberger's seances. The medium's guide talks quite loud. He was a soldier and was also on a gun boat in our civil war. He is quick and expert as a spirit guide; explains any misunderstanding in the materializing circle, tells when they break hands, etc., and is so merry and jocose in giving information, that all instinctively love and respect him. He also aids Jenny in business or test seances. I wish you could meet with her and her good mother. I cannot tell all that took place, but I will speak of points I consider sceptics cannot explain but on the spiritual hypothesis. Mr. Williams came first; his wife knew him; it was the first time he had materialized. He talked to her and his child and then addressed an old man: saying, "Bill I am thankful you took such good care of my affairs." The old man exclaimed: "Solomon Williams! that is you: no one knows my name here: you always called me Bill." "Of course," replied the spirit friend, "I was not going to call you old Able." This old man was a sceptic no longer. His son John and daughter Tilly also appeared at the aperture and were recognized by the old man, who says this was worth a hundred dollars to him, and he would walk ten miles if he could not come any other way next evening. Another friend called, "Eunice!" A lady said that's me: but he answered, "My Eunice." He then talked with the right Eunice, his wife. Mr. Messenger came saying, "Rebecca I am glad to come, I hope you forgive me: oh! how god it is to be forgiven, etc." A little boy came so bright and talked so playfully with his mother. The guide broke the curtain loose from the side of the door, and breaking off a geranium flower threw it toward the sitters, and pinned one on to the curtain for the lady of the house.

Messages were sent from friends to friends on both sides of life. Oh! can it be that we live in the morning of the millennium and so few know it? * * * All hail to MIND AND MATTER.

REBECCA MESSENGER.

A. H. Phillips Remarkable Mediumship.

PHILADELPHIA, June 1st, 1881.

DEAR SIR:—I had a private seance with Mr. A. H. Phillips this afternoon at 1208 Mount Vernon Street, and received several communications from my relative John Hubbell of Stratford, Conn.

I deem the fact worthy of record, because, from documents in my possession it can be proven that the said John Hubbell was born in 1652 and died in 1690, and in the communications, (which were of a private character) his identity was fully established.

The communications were all written on the slate without the aid of a pencil, one being written while the slate was on my head, one while under my hands on the table, and another as the slate lay upon the table beside me.

I may add that the raps were very distinct, and that I received a communication on the slate from a friend recently deceased. Yours truly,

WALTER HUBBELL.

The James Communications.

ASTORIA, N. Y., May 31, 1881.

I am pleased to learn that you are about to publish those remarkable spirit communications given through the medium James, together with the history of them, and your remarks. I feel, as you do, that there has been much said and written about the origin of our Christian religion, that is incorrect, and that great wrongs have been committed under the name of Bible Christianity; all of which must be atoned for and worked out by the countless wrongdoers in their spirit life.

It will be with them as I have been told it was with the spirit of my grandfather, who was a Congregationalist clergyman of Vermont, preaching for two societies for near fifty years, passing away in 1842. "My son," his spirit addressing me, says, "I see you are far advanced in your ideas and beliefs from those I thought and taught. I preached much that I have tried and am now trying to undo; but I taught that which I thought was right, yet much of it I found erroneous when I came on this side. Go on my son; you are in the right way. Press forward to the end."

This message to me was certainly encouraging, for in his day he was accounted a learned and very good man; and he now, a spirit, returns to bid me Godspeed! I find in these messages of James's, but very little that goes to deny that such a man as Jesus ever lived, but I do find much that goes to disprove the sacred origin of Christianity, as claimed.

You and I agree upon most things but this one of Jesus's life and work, so we

will let that rest for the good angels to set us right at some time in the not distant future. Now, if your books of James's Messages do not cost over — each, you can enter my name for five (5) copies.

I was in hopes to have met you long before this, and had a pleasant visit from you at our quiet home at Astoria.

Your earnest well-wisher, A. L. HATCH.

Obituary—William Fishbaugh.

We need not attempt to express our regret at the sudden departure for the other shore, of our friend and fellow worker whose name heads this notice. When men are called thus away in the midst of their usefulness, and with uncompleted work from which we have reason to expect great results for the good of humanity, and the furthering of the cause which we have so much at heart, with our old instincts strong within us, an involuntary "why?" comes with our first impulse of grief and regret at our loss; but with the firm conviction that his work is not over, nor in vain, but that the answer will come in good time from the new field of duty, our regret is seasoned with a confident hope and trust that all is right with him who has gone over, and for us, who are left to battle the watch yet awhile on this side.

We copy from the *Banner of Light* of May 28th, the particulars of our brother's (seemingly) untimely taking off. He had however attained an age beyond the average three score and ten of human pilgrimage in this life.

"Just as we go to press the information reaches us by way of New York that the veteran laborer in the spiritual cause whose name is given above has but just passed to spirit-life under the most peculiar circumstances; his remains were found in the area way of his house, No. 829 De Kalb Avenue, Brooklyn, at four o'clock on the morning of May 21st, by his wife. He had left his home at an early hour on the previous evening, on business, and not returning at the usual time, his wife left a light burning for him. When found, the skull of Mr. Fishbaugh was badly fractured, and it is supposed that he met his death by falling down the area steps. His watch and money were found on his person.

"Dr. Fishbaugh had attained the age of sixty-seven years, one month and twenty-one days, in the mortal. He had been connected with the Modern Spiritual Movement from the beginning; was the assistant editor of the *Spiritual Telegraph*; a man of much research and deep thought, and one whose services on the material plane the cause at this juncture can ill afford to spare."

Offer of Mrs. T. P. Allen.

Any person sending me two dollars and fifteen cents, (\$2.15) and with it their hand writing, age, and sex, with two postage stamps for answer; I will give them a Psychometric reading, and will forward their money to you to pay for a year's subscription to MIND AND MATTER.

MRS. T. P. ALLEN,

Box 77, Gowanda, N. Y.

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—o—

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B. F. BROWN.

[We regard the above proposition of Mr. Brown as a most important one to the afflicted apart from the interest we have in it.—En.]

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The public speaker of the present day labors under difficulties of which the speakers of the last century never dreamed, for while the audiences of the past received what was said without question, those of the present day are usually the mental equals or superiors of the ones who address them. Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New York, when a theological student, supplied a church in a neighboring town, and on his way to preach one morning met an aged colored man. "Well, Uncle, do you ever go to hear the young preacher?" asked the unfledged doctor. "No, Massa," replied the negro, "dis chile don't let none o' dem students practis on him." The darky had begun to think. The free and independent thought of this age accepts statements only where they are proven to be truth, while the development of mental power seems equally great in every other department of life. The valuable inventions of the day are counted by thousands. The increase of scientific study is universal. The spirit of inquiry in all fields is so marked as to cause.

COMMENT ON EVERY SIDE,

while people seem investigating and advancing in every direction which can help them morally, mentally or physically. This is specially true of the human body and everything which concerns it, and the truths which the people have found, even in the last fifty years, are simply marvelous.

How really ignorant some cultured and supposedly scientific people were only a few years ago, as compared with the present day, may be better understood from a few illustrative facts. A prominent writer prepared an elaborate essay to prove that steamships could never cross the Atlantic, and his pamphlet was issued just in time to be carried by the first steamer that went to England. People once believed that the heart was the seat of life and health. It is now known that this organ is only a pump, simply keeping in motion what other and more important organs of the body have created and transformed. It was once supposed that if a person felt a pain in the back, the liver was deranged; if a pain came in the lower chest the lungs were affected and consumption was near; it is now known that a pain in the back indicates diseased kidneys, while troubles in the lower chest arise from a disordered liver, and not imperfect lungs. A severe pain in the head was once thought to come from some partial derangement of the brain; it is now known that troubles in other parts of the body and away from the head, cause headaches, and that only by removing the cause can the pain be cured. It is a matter of

PRIVATE HISTORY >

that General Washington was bled to death. His last illness was slight, and caused principally by weariness. A physician was called who "bled him copiously." Strange to say, the patient became no better. Another doctor was called, who again took away a large amount of the vital fluid. Thus in succession four physicians drew away the life of a great man who was intended by nature for an old age, and who prematurely died—murdered by malpractice—bled to death. That was the age of medical bleeding!"

The speaker then graphically described another period which came upon the people, in which they assigned the origin of all diseases to the stomach, and after showing the falsity of this theory, and that the kidneys and liver were the causes of disease, and that many people are suffering from kidney and liver troubles to-day who do not know it, but who should know it and attend to them at once, continued:

"Let us look at this matter a little more closely. The human body is the most perfect and yet the most delicate of all created things. It is capable of the greatest results and it is liable to the greatest disorders. The slightest causes sometimes seem to throw its delicate machinery out of order while the most simple and common-sense care restores and keeps them in perfect condition. When it is remembered that the amount of happiness or misery we are to have in this world is dependent upon a perfect body, is it not strange that simple precautions and care are not exercised? This is one of the most vital questions of life. People may avoid it for the present, but there is certain to come a time in every one's experience when it must be faced."

"And here pardon me for relating a little personal experience. In the year 1870, I found myself losing both in strength and health. I could assign no cause for the decline, but it continued, until finally I called to my aid two prominent physicians. After treating me for some time they declared I was suffering from Bright's disease of the kidneys, and that they could do nothing more for me. At this time I was so weak I could not raise my head from the pillow and I

PAINTED REPEATEDLY.

My heart beat so rapidly it was with difficulty I could sleep. My lungs were also badly involved; I could retain nothing upon my stomach, while the most intense pain in my back and bowels caused me to long for death as a relief. It was at this critical juncture that a physical longing which I felt (and which I most firmly believe was an inspiration) caused me to send for the leaves of a plant I had once known in medical practice. After great difficulty I at last secured them, and began their use in the form of tea. I noticed a lessening of the pain at once; I began to mend rapidly; in five weeks I was able to be about, and in two months I became perfectly well and have so continued to this day. It was only natural that such a result should have caused me to investigate most thoroughly. I carefully examined fields in medicine never before explored. I sought the cause of physical order and disorder, happiness and pain, and I found the kidneys and liver to be the governors, whose motions regulate the entire system."

After describing at length the offices of the kidneys and liver, and their important part in life, the doctor went on to say:

"Having found this great truth, I saw clearly the cause of my recovery. The simple vegetable leaf I had used was a food and restorer to my well-nigh exhausted kidneys and liver. It had come to them when their life was nearly gone, and by its simple, yet powerful influence, had

purified, strengthened and restored them, and saved me from death. Realizing the great benefit which a knowledge of this truth would give to the world, I began in a modest way to treat those afflicted, and in every case I found the same

HAPPY RESULTS

which I had experienced. Not only this, but many who were not conscious of any physical trouble, but who, at my suggestion, began the use of the remedy which had saved my life, found their health steadily improving and their strength continually increasing. So universal, where used, was this true, that I determined the entire world should share in its results, and I therefore placed the formula for its preparation in the hands of Mr. H. H. Warner, of Rochester, N. Y., a gentleman whom I had cured of a severe kidney disease, and who, by reason of his personal worth, high standing and liberality in endowing the Astronomical Observatory and other public enterprises, has become known and popular to the entire country. This gentleman at once began the manufacture of the remedy on a most extensive scale, and to-day Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the pure remedy that saved my life, is known and used in all parts of the continent.

"I am aware a prejudice exists toward proprietary medicines, and that such prejudice is too often well founded, but the value of a *pure* remedy is no less because it is a proprietary medicine. A justifiable prejudice exists toward quack doctors, but is it right that this prejudice should extend towards all the doctors who are earnestly and intelligently trying to do their duty? Because Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure saved my life before it became a proprietary medicine, is it reasonable to suppose that it will not cure others and keep still more from sickness now that it is sold with a government stamp on the wrapper? Such a theory would be childish."

The doctor then paid some high compliments to American science, and closed his lecture as follows:

"How to restore the health when broken, and how to keep the body perfect and free from disease must ever be man's highest study. That one of the greatest revelations of the present day has been made in ascertaining the true seat of health to be in the kidneys and liver, all scientist now admit, and I can but feel that the discovery which I have been permitted to make, and which I have described to you, is destined to prove the greatest, best and most reliable friend to those who suffer and long for happiness, as well as to those who desire to keep the joys they now possess."

Seances with Elsie Crindle by Emanuel M. Jones.

PHILADELPHIA, May 30, 1881.

Editor of Mind and Matter:

My attention was called by a friend to last week's *R.-P. Journal* of Chicago, in which is an attack made by one (he or she) afraid to sign his or her name, upon the character and honesty of Elsie Crindle, now in our city. The whole object of the communication seems to be to ridicule her, but it had the contrary effect, for hundreds in this city have flocked to see her and her manifestations, and I do not know of one that was not convinced of their genuineness.

Since Mrs. Crindle has been in Philadelphia, I have had the pleasure of attending nine seances held by her in the parlors of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wiley, 1128 Vine street, and I know that neither of them would allow any fraud to be practiced in their house. More honorable people never drew the breath of life. Every part of the house was open to the inspection of all, and most of the materialization was done in the glare of a light turned on full head. Four forms at a time were seen by us all, and quite a number of hands of different sizes were seen above the cabinet, and little Effie Foster floating along amongst them all at the same time. Two forms were seen once when the medium was coming out of the cabinet. The cabinet was open at the top, the windows and doors were sealed and marked by myself and others, and both paper and marks were intact after the seance was over. What we see we know and all the *R.-P. Journals* in the world could not change my opinion of Elsie Crindle or the truths of Spiritualism, and may God bless and strengthen her and her controls to go on with the glorious work of light and truth, till superstition and bigotry are blotted from the face of the earth, and mankind shall live as they should live, pure and unspotted lives.

I have no personal animosity for the editors of the *R.-P. Journal* or others of like ilk; but in justice to the cause of truth, I will say that, if it is their object to crush out Spiritualism, or even Elsie Crindle, by allowing a person with no name to print such a lying, scandalous article in their paper, to spread broadcast through the land, they have begun too late, and might as well stop just where they are and close shop, for Spiritualism has come on earth to stay, and no man, woman nor child, nor even a Jesuitical paper assuming a spiritualistic guise, can bar its progress. There is not a religious paper published in the United States, however bitter toward opposing creeds, that would allow such a vile, scandalous article to be printed in it.

I would say to the person with no name, when you try to traduce the character of Elsie Crindle, for she is a good and noble woman, one of earth's benefactors, and she has staunch and tried friends both in Philadelphia and elsewhere, who will uphold both her and Spiritualism, to the laying down of their lives, rest assured of this. You have got no sneaking coward, that signs by initials, to deal with now. I have known Elsie Crindle too long to allow any sneaking craven to insult her, and whoever says that she is a fraud, or uses fraud in her manifestations, is a liar of the first water. Throw off your garb of deceit and let us see what you are.

Bro. Roberts, I have full faith in you that you will do the lady Justice in your valuable paper.

SOME SEANCES WITH MRS. CRINDE,

I had the great pleasure of attending most all the seances for spiritual manifestations held lately in this city by Mrs. Elsie Crindle, and I propose, for the interest and benefit of her many friends, and for the purpose of aiding the cause of truth, to give an account of them all, as I have been a very keen observer of them, and constantly on the watch for fraud and deception, but I have seen none whatever, as everything was done in the open light. Some will say that I was deceived in what I saw; but I tell them I was not

deceived. I am not a fool led away by every Jack-o'-Lantern. It is all truth, and I am convince of it—no if, nor but nor perhaps about it.

The first seance that I attended was in the parlors of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wiley, No. 1128 Vine street, on Sunday evening, May 22. The cabinet comprised all of the rear parlor, one of the folding doors being shut, and a black velvet curtain hung across the opening of the other door. There was thirteen inches above the curtain, for the light to shine into the rear parlor, it being the request of the controls that as much light as possible should be given. The door and shutters were closed and sealed by pasting slips of paper over the cracks, which were marked by myself and others, and which were found intact after the seance. Mrs. Crindle was handcuffed and the keyholes covered with pasted paper and marked so there could be no deception in personating spirits. She has a band of splendid controls, among whom are James (truff), Captain William Bird, Star Eye, (an Indian captive from the Mountain Meadow massacre,) little Effie Foster, and others; and if this band, through Mrs. Crindle, does not deal superstition and bigotry some terrible death-blows, I shall be greatly mistaken. God bless them, one and all.

Almost as soon as the medium entered the cabinet, two lovely female spirits appeared and announced themselves as the daughters of Mrs. Wiley. They were recognized. They sang in unison with their living sister Maggie, who stood by the curtain. The light was at full head. The spirit daughter of J. M. Roberts appeared, and wrote a message to him very rapidly, and gave it to him. Mr. Gruff sang through a large tin trumpet, laid flat on the floor, while the spirit stood in full view writing. After this was ended, Mr. Rollin, a spirit, sang a beautiful song behind the curtain, beginning, "I came to the spot where the White Pilgrim lay" etc. Also a tune was whistled, in concert with the singing of the circle. The next form to appear was that of a little old woman, who called for a gentleman in the audience by the name of McGrew, (an entire stranger,) he answered to his name, but denied any relationship, till she told her name, (which I have forgotten,) and told him of several things that others knew nothing of. However, he went to the curtain, when she came out and took a letter from his pocket and disappeared. The letter could not be found after the seance, and Mr. Gruff said that the spirit was his wife's mother, and that the letter was from a girl, and that his wife would get the letter before morning. He was greatly worried over the affair.

A spirit came to the opening, and said she was Mary Crookes, who passed away in England, and that she was a sister to Thor Crookes who was in the audience. She said her daughter was with her. A spirit now appeared, crossing herself and rolling her eyes to heaven, repeating the Catholic ritual, Lord's prayer, etc., and asking us to pray for her to the Virgin. She had hardly gone before the curtains were thrown widely apart, and there stood Lucille Western, the actress, crowned with jewels; also wearing a necklace and cross brilliantly decorated with jewels, looking as she did when on the stage. She appeared to us six times in different costumes, as she appeared on the stage. She spoke to us in a low whisper (light full head). She finally came into the room, and from her open hand she sprinkled us all with rose water, which she seemed to get from the air.

The next spirit was that of an old man named Geo. Gibson, said to have been Chief Justice of the United States. All these forms gave their names.

An Episcopal minister who had lately passed away in England, came, repeating the creed of his church.

Little Effie now entertained us with an amusing chat, by singing "The Sweet By and By," and a short child's prayer.

The medium here came out handcuffed, the keyholes of the shackles pasted up as we had put them on her.

What have the scoffers to say now? Explain it, please.

~ A dark circle followed. The medium sat with flour in both hands, near a table in the centre of the room, and we all joined hands. As soon as the lights were out, Star Eye came and fan-ed us all with her dress, and though the room had been like an oven she made it like an ice house. She gets her name doubtless from the very bright light she shows from her breast, in the dark circles.

Musical instruments, such as a trumpet, drum, bells, banjo, and mouth organ, were played on at once, all passing around the room, keeping perfect time. A music box was put in the trumpet and played on while it was born just over our heads all over the room. This music box requires two hands to operate it. The trumpet needs one hand to hold it and one to tap on it, while turning the music box. Little Effie came and kissed myself and others, and talked to us a long while. Mr. Gruff, Star Eye and Effie are the only spirits that speak in an audible voice.

EMANUEL M. JONES.

Mind and Matter Free List Fund.

This fund was started by the request of many of our subscribers, that many deserving poor people who were not able to pay for MIND AND MATTER, might have the paper sent to them free of cost. The following contributions have been made since our last report:

Amount previously acknowledged, \$71.24

Mrs. E. S. Sleeper, San Francisco, 3.74

W. A. Mosley, S. New Lyme, Ohio, 1.00

B. Chadsey, Rushville, Illinois, 1.00

J. B. Campbell, M. D. V. D., 5.00

J. M. C., 1.00

J. W., 2.00

C. G., 1.00

Mrs. T. B. Hall, Charlestown, Mass., 1.00

E. M. Jones, Philadelphia, 2.50

A Friend, Yuba City, Cal., 1.50

Benj. Keen, North Turner, Me., 5.00

Alfred James' Relief Fund.

In response to our appeal in behalf of Alfred James, we take pleasure in acknowledging that we have received the following amounts from the respective contributors:

Previously acknowledged, \$87.58

Mrs. H. W. Ballard, Malone, N. Y., 1.00

Mrs. H. Whiting, Stratford, Ct., 5.00

I. E. Simpson, Chattanooga, Tenn., 2.00

L. V. Pedron, Camden, Ark., 1.00

Eliza Sellon, St. Louis, Mo., 1.00

W. A. Mosley, N. South Lyme, O., 1.00

A Friend, Yuba City, Cal., 1.50

Benj. Keen, North Turner, Me., 5.00

NEW BOOKS.

Religion as Revealed by the Material and Spiritual Universe. By Edwin D. Babbitt.

Our time and space, at present, will not permit us anything like a critical notice of this latest effort of this well-known author; but to give an insight into the scope and direction of his intentions in the essay before us, we cannot do better than quote a paragraph or two of his preface, in which he writes: "A way with devils and hobgoblins and dogmas and traditions and fears and superstitions. Sweep aside the cobwebs, lift the veil, clear up the mists, let in the light, illumine the soul; for then, at last, may we see the shining ladder which links the earth to heaven, upon which the angels are ever descending and ascending." "True religion is the heavenly side of science, the divinest motive power of philosophy; and yet it is the very angel of everyday life which sanctions and sweetens human loves, and tends to lift up the humblest soul." How high author has lifted the veil, how far he has succeeded in sweeping aside the cobwebs and clearing up the mists, we will have to leave the reader to judge, fully persuaded that he or she, if not fully and undoubtedly enlightened, will be much instructed, and led into a profitable and improving train of thought. His subjects are well illustrated with forty-five beautiful wood cuts, beside numerous ornamental vignettes. Published by Babbitt & Co., 5 Clinton Place, N. Y.

N. B.—The author, Mr. E. D. Babbitt, informs us that he is now residing in Cincinnati, where he has an office at No. 204 Main street.

Editor of Mind and Matter:

Mr. F. H. Granger, materializing medium, held a seance at Progress Hall, 505 N. Eighth street, this city. The manifestations were very good, though the medium has been in the field less than a year. Hands were shown in the light and independent slate-writing tests were given while the medium's hands were held by a committee from the audience; and once during the evening, while the medium was alone in the cabinet, the doors were opened and I distinctly saw two spirit forms standing in the door of the cabinet, while the medium was sitting in his chair, fastened thereto by wax-end ties, and at the same time the medium's ring was removed from his finger and placed on the top of the cabinet, a distance of seven feet from the medium. At another time the medium being tied as aforesaid, with the addition of his coat being sewed together at the sleeves and down the front, it was removed and thrown out of the cabinet almost as the doors were closed, without a stitch being broken. Among the most marvelous phenomena produced was the removing of a gentleman's coat, and the placing of it on the medium while his hands were held by the gentleman from whom the coat was removed. Towards the close of the seance six watches which were placed inside the cabinet were respectively handed to their owners by a spirit hand, at which time, to the great surprise of all, they were found to be stopped, but immediately after being shaken started to tick as usual. In connection with the above phenomena, we could distinctly hear the music from five different instruments at once, such as tambourine, banjo, bells, harmonicas, etc.

Yours truly,
G. B. ALLEN, R. M. ADAMS,

Vineland, N. J.

FREDONIA, May 24th, 1881.